

GAS LINE FROM ALASKA PETER J. BERNSTEIN

THE NATION

OCTOBER 25, 1975

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TAXES & BUDGET: FORD PLAYS DEMAGOGUE

Joseph H. Crown

Kissinger's 'Trojan Horse'

ITALY AND THE IRONIES OF DETENTE

David V. Edwards

Killer Cops

Harry Lore

LEFT FOR DEAD IN PHILLY

CESAR CHAVEZ AND LA CAUSA/BARBARA L. BAER

LETTERS

back to the barroom

Chicago, Ill.

I am of two minds regarding Leonard Kriegel's review of Mike LaVelle's *Red, White & Blue-Collar Views* [*The Nation*, Sept. 27]. I am delighted that he admires Mike's reportage and finds the book important. I am disappointed that Kriegel is so shallow in his interpretation of it.

I have known LaVelle as both steelworker and journalist. For the past five years, we have tangled, drunk and further argued on the subject of the phony issue of "worker" versus "Left intellectual." It is an issue that Kriegel, in true Eric Hoffer fashion, makes the basis of his review. What most astonished me was Kriegel's promiscuous use of the phrase "intellectual Left." I thought I was reading Evans & Novak. And how could Kriegel forget that it was *The Nation* that published "The Hoffa Trial" by Fred J. Cook, in its April 27, 1964 issue?

LaVelle is a complex man, in conflict with a lifetime of pre-conditioned thoughts and conditioned bitterness, who is in the process of remarkable growth, transcending the Hoffer-Buckley teachings to which he had so long been given. Along comes Kriegel—God, here goes another round of barroom arguing with Mike LaVelle on the subject of stereotype thinking. *Studs Terkel*

let them eat meat

Kansas City, Kan.

In considering the controversy over the Russian grain sales, it is well to remember that . . . AID and other CIA-type agencies have been busy in many nations promoting the questionable idea that a diet containing the flesh of animals represents a higher standard of living than a noncarnivorous diet. The result has been a rapidly expanding market for grain, including wheat, for the feeding of slaughter animals. The raising of feed grain for animals is a most wasteful form of agriculture: it can reduce the productive potential of farmland, some experts say, to as little as one-tenth what it should be, were it used to produce food crops for human beings. This calculated intrusion into the way of life of the citizens of other nations, to gain foreign trade advantages, is made despite a world population explosion. It is unwittingly being paid for by U.S. taxpayers, environmentally and economically. And because of this ill-advised promotion, soils are unnecessarily being depleted, fuel and fertilizer are being wasted, and there is increased national and worldwide inflation. *E.F. Eskelin*

paragraph restored

New York City

In the Sept. 13th *Nation*, you were kind enough to publish my comments on William Kunstler's article, "The Bundestag vs. the Terrorists," which appeared in *The Nation* on July 5, together with a rejoinder from Kunstler. However, you omitted the last paragraph, which reads as follows:

The foregoing is being written not to justify all the measures taken by the German Government but to point out to *The Nation* and Mr. Kunstler that their attitude in the matter is totally wrong.

In my letter I clearly stated that I did not justify the actions of the German Government, and yet by omitting this paragraph my letter, as published, conveys the exact contrary. *Lazaar Henkin*

Bernard Shaw, screen writer

The Shaw estate has authorized me to compile and publish *The Collected Screenplays of Bernard Shaw*, which will include those screenplays that were not filmed as well as those that were, and will also contain film sequences, scenarios and fragments. I would appreciate hearing from readers who have copies of such writings, letters or other information which might be useful to me.

*Dr. Bernard F. Dukore, Department of Drama & Theatre
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EDITORIALS

The Politics of Repression

Spain has been much in the news recently, and last month Francisco Franco himself, by his execution of five revolutionaries, provided reminder enough of the nature of his American-backed rule. At the same time, concern about the American-supplied South Korean tyranny has been muted by administration talk of an invasion threat from the North and reckless administration rhetoric about the possible explosion of nuclear weapons there. And Chile, whose government came to power two years ago with American funds and CIA counsel, when it is discussed at all, is largely relegated to the inside pages of the print media and an occasional roundup spot on the air.

Recent American travelers to Korea report that Kim Chi Ha, a Catholic whom Norman Mailer has called "a poet with a serious gift of metaphor, and a clear eye," and whom the Korean CIA calls a Communist, may soon be executed as a political enemy of the state. The KCIA says Kim has confessed to Communist politics. From his dark, picnic-table-size cell, Kim has smuggled out a different version of his confession: "At the dungeon, torture lasted for five days until I became unconscious."

The government of his torturers has been propped up with at least hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid and government-guaranteed loans, a fact not lost on the South Korean opposition. As Kim Dae Jung, the last politician allowed to oppose President Park, put it when speaking about the coming dictatorship to his country in October 1972: "When President Park proclaimed martial law and occupied the National Assembly, the press and the opposition party headquarters, he was using your tanks, your machine guns, your rifles." Belying all the administration's invasion obfuscation, Rep. Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.) concluded after an Asian tour:

The repressive policies of President Park have already alienated significant sectors of South Korean society. While I was in Seoul, I met a number of opposition leaders and I am convinced, based on my discussions with them, that unless their political rights and civil liberties are restored, the continued willingness of the South Korean people to support the government in Seoul may be seriously undermined.

In Chile, the government admits to 5,000 political prisoners, most of whom exist in an environment that makes Attica seem like a Holiday Inn. Reports of hideous physical abuse are abundant, Chileans regularly disappear and are long unheard from, citizens live in fear of arrest. Anthony Lewis writes in *The New York Times* that Catholic Church sources in Chile estimate some 100,000 persons have been held in detention camps. "The equivalent in this country," he notes, "would be 2 million political prisoners." Economically, Chile is a disaster area more bleak than it was under the troubled administration of Salvador Allende. Despite, or perhaps because of, counsel from the University of Chicago's Milton Friedman, whose economic doctrines, reports Jonathan Kandell in the *Times*, have become "the guiding light of the junta's economic policy," inflation is the highest in the world and unemployment hovers at 20 per cent.

However much they bluster to the contrary, contemporary right-wing dictators have consistently failed to improve living conditions for the majority of their citizens. Repression is the overriding concern and it feeds, clothes and houses no one but its administrators. In Congress there are now stirrings of a movement to cut off aid to Chile—a bill to do so has passed the House—but Korea and Spain seem sufficiently caught up in officially accepted illusions about American national security that they will continue to be funded until at least the 1976 elections. As long as they are, the United States will wear a badge of disgrace in the eyes of most of the international community that Daniel Patrick Moynihan's United Nations posturings are incapable of hiding. These are political issues, to be sure, but behind them lies a reality that has too often been put aside primarily because it is painful to contemplate. Individual cases of torture are emblems for thousands of others, for the mass anguish caused by decimated economics. "Don't look at me with sad eyes," writes Kim Chi Ha from his cell. "Pay attention to the suffering."

Reagan to the Rescue

Ronald Reagan, the *Los Angeles Times* reports, is currently "starring in a strange political drama." For months he has kept his loyal right-wing constituency in a dither over whether he will or will not be a candidate for the Presidency, and if so when he might announce. Recently he said in Altoona, Pa. that he might accept the Vice Presidential nomination, but by the time he arrived in Cleveland he had changed his mind. However, most of the uncertainty seems to have vanished and it now looks as though he will, indeed, enter the New Hampshire primary. The impetuous Gov. Meldrim Thomson has been induced to step aside so that a more modern rightist, Hugh Gregg, a one-term former Governor who supported Rockefeller in 1964, may head Reagan's campaign in that state.

There is something mildly nutty about this strange Reagan-Ford B-grade production. One of the most knowledgeable observers of Republican politics in California—an expert long consulted by *The Nation* but one who does not share its point of view—has assured us that initially Ford's advisers encouraged the idea of a Reagan candidacy as a way to prevent the right-wing element from doing anything rash until Reagan showed his hand—by which time it might be too late for them to do much damage. If this was the initial motivation, the plot soon got out of hand. The trouble began when it became clear that right-wing conservatives, particularly in the South, Southwest and certain Western states, were not responding to Rockefeller's abject and shameless attempts to cater to their biases. In a recent issue, *Human Events* commented that: "Chris Jorgensen went to Denmark and became Christine Jorgensen; Nelson Rockefeller went South and became Adam Smith." So the clever Melvin Laird came up with the notion that Ford should declare himself in favor of an "open convention" and thereby appear to encourage a competition for the Vice Presidency. Then, once Ford was nominated, the "open convention" would promptly close ranks and the Rockefeller nomination would be pushed through even if not all of the delegates liked the idea. But

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this strategy was messed up by the ill-considered statements of Howard Callaway who managed to convey the impression that Ford wanted Rockefeller to stand aside.

Meanwhile, Reagan was, so to speak, containing the right wing by getting rousing receptions before carefully selected audiences at handsome fees of \$5,000 a performance. His have been essentially tours of a political matinee idol. In almost every instance the audience has been made up of white middle-class or upper-middle-class conservative Republicans. By avoiding controversial subjects and settings, and by sticking strictly to his two set speeches—the “ideological” pitch and the “public occasion” speech—Reagan has projected an image of remarkable personal popularity along the Republican mashed-potato circuit. The more he toured, however, the more Reagan began to take seriously the notion that he might enter certain primaries, starting of course with New Hampshire. Given Ford’s weaknesses, he just might win the New Hampshire round or, in any case, make a strong showing against an incumbent President. But it does not follow that Reagan’s real objective is the Presidential nomination; on the contrary, being a realist, he probably has his eye on the Vice Presidency.

If Reagan enters the New Hampshire primary he will actually help Ford. His entry will generate media interest and give this silly contest an “aura of competition” or, as one observer notes, it will “pump some adrenaline into the Grand Old Party”—with only a 21 per cent approval rating it needs a shot of something. Reagan’s presence will not embarrass Ford; the differences between them are minuscule. Reagan will be polite; he will not cut up Ford. He will not, of course, accuse the President of being “soft on communism” or a “bleeding heart.” It is not his style. He will be respectful and only mildly critical. He will voice reservations about détente and some of Ford’s domestic initiatives. But as always with Reagan the emphasis will be on rhetoric and posture and abstract ideology; not substance, not issues.

Even if Reagan wins a few primaries, the President’s nomination will not be in danger. Ford may not be an elected President, but he is an incumbent, and for all their conservatism the Republicans know that Reagan would be a weak Presidential candidate. Given the state of the economy, the electorate is not about to opt for a 64-year-old actor with a dismal two-term record as Governor of California. It is true that sentiment has shifted to the Right in the Republican Party and that the Eastern Establishment influence has steadily declined. But the Republicans are pragmatists even in states in which Reagan might be thought to hold the edge. The advantage he held over Ford in California in May, as shown by the reliable Field poll, has largely evaporated; he now trails the President by 7 percentage points (September 3).

However, in California, Reagan out-polls Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency by a wide margin. If the test is confined to the two of them, Reagan is favored by 61 per cent of the Republicans to 34 per cent for Rockefeller. So this silly plot could have a happy ending, of a sort. The convention just might nominate Reagan for Vice President, which is probably his real objective, and the right-wing zealots would be locked into the party despite all the brash noises they have been making. Reagan’s nomination as Vice President would cheer them up and it would also delight

the Democrats, who would not have to contend with Rockefeller’s Establishment power. What looms ahead in New Hampshire, then, is not a slugging match or a confrontation or a clarification of issues but an artfully staged media event. After all, the New Hampshire primary now enjoys the status of the play-offs which precede the World Series. And you can’t have a play-off without at least two contestants.

Big John on the Prowl

Noting that President Ford’s approval rating declines the more he speaks—a fact also perceived by Ronald Reagan—John Connally has suddenly announced his “availability.” He admires both Ford and Reagan; he might vote for either; but most of all he admires John Connally. As always, Connally is brash, audacious and foxy. He has nothing to lose by tossing his sombrero into the air, if not into the ring, and who knows?—something might come of it. As a sample of audacity, consider his latest economic panacea (reported by Nicholas C. Chriss, *Los Angeles Times*, October 8, from Houston). He thinks of sponsoring a guaranteed annual payment, to go to every registered voter in the country, rich or poor, and amounting “perhaps” to \$500. This “national dividend rebate” would be paid out of taxes collected from corporations; an important provision of the plan would eliminate the tax on stock dividends. Of course, stockholders, if they were registered voters, would also be eligible for the rebate.

Credit Connally with being practical. Nonvoters might be as poor as church mice, but if they are not registered to vote, their needs could safely be ignored by a Texas oil-and-gas politician. Just where did Connally pick up this bizarre notion? From the late Huey Long or perhaps Dr. Francis Townsend? No, the “national dividend rebate” was first floated by one John H. Perry, a Florida businessman, in 1944, and has been waiting all these years to find a sponsor. Reagan has toyed with the idea but has abandoned it for a variation of Louis Kelso’s plan to make employees stockholders in the companies for which they work. But Connally’s plan has a larger and wider appeal; registered voters far outnumber corporate employees. It is symptomatic of the swinging times in which we live that Ford, Reagan and Connally are seeking to find some means by which they can pose as prairie Populists while toggled out in Republican frock coats.

Clear Warning

When Cyrus Eaton, America’s extraordinary senior industrialist, sounds an alert, only the reckless will fail to listen. In a recent telegram to the Ohio Congressional delegation, Eaton warned that unless the federal government comes to the financial rescue of New York City and State “without further delay,” the nation will be plunged into the “most catastrophic economic debacle in history.”

Eaton’s historical perspective gives his claim legitimacy—and defends him against charges of hyperbole. As he told the Ohioans, he has “been involved in every American panic since 1893,” and nearly fifty years ago predicted that unless the government insured bank deposits, banks would fail—as they did.

If New York City defaults, as it probably will unless it gets massive federal aid, it could have the most serious national economic consequences. A New York default would rapidly deflate the municipal bond market, making it difficult, if not impossible, for other municipalities to raise money needed for solvency. Domino defaults would likely follow. Banks holding the massively depreciated paper would face liquidity crises, as depositors with accounts larger than the \$40,000 insured by the federal government transferred their funds to more solvent banks—though in a nationwide debacle such moves might offer only temporary protection. As Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway wrote recently in *The Village Voice*, "What is coming may never be termed a Crash, in the apocalyptic colors of 1929, but could turn out to be extremely horrible: rocketing interest rates, terrified consumers, a tremendous liquidity crunch, soaring unemployment. . . ." Subsequent international crisis, as German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing have said, would not be inconceivable.

The latest response from the Ford administration has been a flurry of contradictory predictions and advice, highlighted by Vice President Rockefeller's newest turnabout in favor of federal aid, that signals either Executive bewilderment or, as Martin Tolchin has speculated in *The New York Times*, possibly an incipient reversal of policy. In either case, as Eaton says, members of Congress can no longer afford to wait for the administration to initiate action. "If President Ford and his advisers persist in their refusal to recognize today's onrushing crisis, then Congress should take matters into its own hands."

Sedate and Nostalgic

At the recent San Francisco AFL-CIO biennial convention there were, by all accounts, fewer basic differences among the 1,000 delegates than at any time since the federation came into being two decades ago. The notion that the nation stands on the threshold of a crisis of much greater complexity and magnitude than the crisis of the 1930s that brought the New Deal to power was not voiced or so much as hinted at. The 81-year-old George Meany was in complete command. Delegates were concerned, but mildly, about some aspects of the economy and the political prospects for 1976, but all of them deferred to "the old man" and his judgments.

Meany had kind words for Cesar Chavez and the UFW but once again tried to heat up the cold war and wanted no discussion of New York City's fiscal crisis, which involves the jobs of thousands of union members and may ultimately threaten the existence of the unions that represent them. Such leaders as Victor Gotbaum and Jerry Wurf of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees and Albert Shanker of the Teachers had to go elsewhere to find audiences that wanted to listen to them.

No delegate volunteered to play the role of the late Walter Reuther by attempting to force the federation's attention on urgent immediate issues. No significant left-wing faction that might have recommended a radical course of action exists within the federation today. Ideologically, reports Harry Bernstein, labor reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, the 109 affiliated unions are

generally united behind the same basic social, economic and political concepts that shape the policies of the patriarch, George Meany. Many of the federation's key unions are in serious trouble at the moment, but these troubles were not aired in San Francisco. The convention's high point was an impassioned speech by Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey who brought the delegates to their feet, wildly cheering at a rerun of what he had had to say at the Democratic Convention of 1948 in Baltimore. The convention was a dismaying omen of the times: sedate, nostalgic, irrelevant, docile and bereft of ideas.

Tried by National Emergency

Legislation soon to become law, the National Emergencies Act, will put an end to the continual state of national emergency, triggered by uncontested Presidential decrees, that we have been in since 1933. The legislation fails to narrow the criteria for future emergency declarations and permits a new state of emergency to run indefinitely in successive six-month stretches if Congress does not act to terminate it, but it does end the four existing states of emergency. And, most important, the more than 470 special "emergency" powers on the books are no longer automatically activated by a mere "emergency" decree. The President must specify the particular "emergency" powers he desires if a state of emergency is declared.

For Cameron David Bishop, however, this Congressional action comes more than six years too late. Bishop was indicted in 1969 under Section 2153(a) of the Sabotage Act on four counts, each charge carrying a maximum thirty years' imprisonment, for dynamiting and attempting to dynamite Colorado public service power lines, which lines, according to the federal government, come under the definition of "war utilities." Since this statute can be used only "when the United States is at war, or in times of national emergency," federal officials pointed to the 1950 Korean state of emergency—one of the four that Congress will now terminate—to justify Bishop's indictment.

The judge, while admitting that "probably the government might have been well advised to have chosen another or at least an additional statute under which to charge this defendant," refused to let the jury consider the merits of a trial by what defense attorney Michael Tigar called "an arcane and unusual statute." And Adrian S. Fisher, legal adviser to the State Department during the Korean declaration, was prohibited from telling the jury what he told the judge: that this 1950 emergency proclamation was "basically [to] fly the flag," and that even from this perspective, "the factual basis that underlay" this declaration has "ceased to exist."

Although Bishop claims that his activities as a known radical resulted in a frame-up, a jury recently convicted him on three of four counts. A full disclosure of the fifty-nine volumes of FBI files related to the case would clear up some of the questions that continue to linger. Finally, the nature of this trial should serve as a warning to legislators who blindly pass legislation without considering the potential for misuse and repression—a warning especially worth heeding with respect to S.1, a bill which would institute many measures similar to those the National Emergencies Act seeks to lay dormant, and which is now looking for friends in Congress.

Surreal

Richard Nixon, by his acts, has frequently been his own chief accuser, so it was fitting that he chose to return to public view this month in the company of Teamsters leader Frank Fitzsimmons and a bunch of less notable cronies at La Costa, a country club of fascinating origins and intriguing tie-ins with the clouded Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund. Those participating in the golf tournament with Mr. Nixon included Anthony Provenzano, who has figured in the Hoffa probe, Allen Dorfman, a powerful figure in the Central States Pension Fund who was convicted in 1972 of taking kickbacks when granting loans and Jackie Presser, identified by *The New York Times* as the son of Cleveland mob figure William Presser.

Gerald Ford's pardon of the deposed ex-President won him immunity from prosecution and definitive conviction, and his choice of golf course and golfing companions does not warrant the never appropriate accusation of guilt by association. Yet there is something perverse about the national media attention—largely uncritical—that the re-emergence of Nixon, a discredited politician, received. At the same time, there is an element of the surreal about the circumstances in which Nixon chose to make his first major media appearance since he scooted from the White House. For those companions at that club symbolize better than any artificial image the darker side of his career. That reckless, indeed brazen, round of golf was the sort of act that propelled him to fame in the first place—and made inevitable his fall into disgrace.

Acceptable for Burial

The legion of fellow citizens who greatly admired the writings of F. Scott Fitzgerald will be gratified to learn that his remains, along with Zelda's, have now been buried in the family plot at St. Mary's Cemetery, in Rockville, Md., where his Rockville-born father was buried in 1931. When

Fitzgerald died in 1940, at the age of 44, his request to be buried in St. Mary's Cemetery was denied by the Catholic Church on the grounds (a) that he was not a practicing Catholic; and (b) that his books were not the kind of reading material that found favor with Church officials. So Fitzgerald was buried in an inconspicuous grave in what is known as "the old Union Cemetery" across the road from St. Mary's. And there, too, Zelda was buried in 1948. For thirty-five years their graves have been a shrine, visitors have placed flowers and left cards and occasional wedding announcements at the grave site, but the lettering on the square headstone has been nearly worn down by the weather. Now the remains of both will be removed to the family grave site at St. Mary's. The Church has not, however, withdrawn its caveat about Fitzgerald's writings but has acceded to the request of his daughter because "other members of the family were already interred at the [St. Mary's] site" (*The Washington Star*). May both now rest in peace.

Postscript

As Harry Lore's article elsewhere in this issue demonstrates, police officers under Philadelphia's Mayor, ex-cop Frank Rizzo, have been functionally exempt from the law. Two recent killings in Philadelphia confirm that such impunity is not just an historical phenomenon. In one case, the slaying of Anthony Majewski, police and prosecutors ignored eight eyewitnesses who claimed the killing was unprovoked and found that the conduct of the officer involved was justified. In another, the shooting of David Edmonds, a Pee Wee soccer coach, police claimed the victim had pointed a starter pistol at a plainclothes narcotics officer. Edmonds's family contends that three men who were with Edmonds say he was not carrying the signal gun when he was killed. But neither the truth nor the law seems to count for much in the City of Brotherly Love.

TAXES AND BUDGET: FORD PLAYS DEMAGOGUE

JOSEPH H. CROWN

President Ford's proposal for a "\$28 billion" election-year tax cut, linked to an equivalent cut in public expenditures, will be a key plank in his campaign to retain the Presidency in 1976. Tailored to attract the electorate, his tax cuts would begin benefiting taxpayers next January 1, while the spending curbs wouldn't start biting until after the election returns are in. Congress has repeatedly rejected rigid Presidential spending limits and Mr. Ford knows his program is unrealizable. The budget he submitted early this year called for a ceiling on cost-of-living increases for Social Security recipients, Draconian changes in Medicare Medicaid and food stamps, and

other slices in programs Congress deemed essential. Of course, Congress could call Ford's bluff and cancel \$28 billion from the military budget—a blessing in view of our military overkill. But that calls for guts, and how many "St. George" McGovern's are there in the Congress to challenge the Pentagon dragon? Mr. Ford knows perfectly well that legislators cannot realistically place a spending ceiling for a fiscal year almost a year away (October 1, 1976) without knowing what expenditures are to be trimmed, but he is demagogically accusing Congress of "playing politics." Ford's proposal collides with Congress's new budget-setting procedure, under which a spending limit for fiscal 1977 would not be set until next year.

The President hails his program as "the biggest single tax cut in our history." Actually, it calls only for an additional \$11 billion in tax reductions beyond the anti-reces-

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sion tax cuts of 1975. So Ford seeks to trade off \$11 billion in tax cuts for spending cuts of \$28 billion. He is surpassing Ronald Reagan's rhetoric in his appeal to right-wing Republicans.

Ford's Tax Cuts for Individuals:

(1) A personal exemption increase from \$750 to \$1,000 for each taxpayer and each dependent. Cost: \$10.1 billion.

(2) A reduction in tax rates (0.5 percentage points) in the brackets under \$10,000. Cost: \$6.6 billion.

(3) A standard deduction of \$2,500 for married couples and \$1,800 for single persons. Cost: \$4 billion.

Ford's Tax Cuts for Corporations:

(4) A permanent extension of the temporary 10 per cent investment tax credit on purchases of machinery and equipment. Cost: \$2.5 billion.

(5) A reduction of 2 percentage points in the basic corporate income tax rate on profits above \$50,000 from 48 per cent to 46 per cent. Cost: \$2.2 billion.

(6) A continuation of the 1975 tax law provision, setting a 20 per cent tax rate on the first \$25,000, and 22 per cent on the next \$25,000. Cost: \$1.7 billion.

(7) Tax relief for electric utilities. Cost: \$600 million.

Impact of the Ford Program:

Individual tax cuts would total \$20.7 billion a year, and the corporate tax reductions \$7 billion. The Ford program is cunningly engineered to favor upper-bracket taxpayers and major corporations, while penalizing millions of the nation's poorest families.

Ford would eliminate the "earned income credit" which was adopted in the 1975 Tax Act to help the poorest families—those with children and with incomes less than \$5,000 a year. These families will receive a cash payment from the government in 1975 if their incomes are so low that they owe no federal income taxes. And if they do owe some tax, they will receive a credit against part of these taxes. The cash rebate, or credit, is equal to 10 per cent of wages earned, up to a maximum of \$400 (at \$4,000 of income). The credit diminishes gradually above \$4,000 of income until it vanishes at \$8,000. Under the Ford program, these families would not receive a rebate, and hence would be out-of-pocket by as much as \$400.

Congress adopted the earned income credit to encourage low-income individuals to obtain full-time or part-time employment to reduce the unemployment rate and the welfare rolls. Congress also wished to offset the burden on low-income persons who must pay Social Security taxes even though they pay no income taxes due to the low-income allowance and personal exemptions. Since these individuals would be eligible to receive a cash payment, the earned income credit inaugurated the negative income tax for the first time. This was an historic development in taxation policy of this country. Ford would scrap it.

Ford would also eliminate the \$30-per-person tax credit enacted in the 1975 Tax Act, substituting a \$250 increase in the personal exemption—from \$750 to \$1,000. But this is tricky. A person in the lowest bracket (12 per cent under the Ford plan) would get a \$30 tax benefit from the \$250 increase. But the wealthy taxpayer in the top 70 per cent tax bracket would save \$175. The Ford plan, trading on the popularity of a personal exemption increase, clandestinely benefits the upper-bracket taxpayer. The bulk of the Ford tax cuts would go to middle-income and upper-income taxpayers, while the poor would be shut out of even a

modest start toward the negative income tax they now receive.

Moreover, the proposed \$7 billion cut in corporate taxes is wholly unwarranted. The corporate tax rate, even when fixed at 48 per cent, is a myth. In 1973 the six oil companies among the fifteen largest industrial firms on *Fortune's* annual list paid taxes at an average rate of 6.3 per cent. As corporations pay less than their share, the tax burden shifts more and more to lower- and middle-income taxpayers. Corporate income tax payments, as a percentage of federal revenue receipts, have declined from 33.6 per cent in 1944, to 20.9 per cent in 1964, to an estimated 14.6 per cent in 1974. In contrast, individual income tax payments rose from 48.5 per cent in 1944, to 62.7 per cent in 1964, to an estimated 73.9 per cent in 1974. Business and industry lower their tax burden by taking advantage of many corporate tax privileges on both foreign and domestic income.

Ford wants to make permanent the temporary 10 per cent investment tax credit which allows a corporation to reduce its tax bill dollar for dollar by an amount equal to 10 per cent of any purchases of machinery and equipment—a government "discount." It was argued that the credit (first enacted in 1971) would stimulate the sagging economy and cut the unemployment rate. In fact, it has achieved neither. A company cannot increase its employment or its sales by using tax incentives to purchase new equipment when, as now, its existing equipment is already lying idle due to slack demand. Currently, industry is operating at about 80 per cent capacity. The bulk of this tax subsidy is wasted on replacing machinery which the company would have bought without the subsidy. At this point in our history, the investment tax credit should be abolished rather than made a permanent fixture in the tax structure. Instead of perpetuating tax loopholes, we should be closing the numerous loopholes that now benefit the biggest corporations but serve no large public purpose. There is not the slightest trace of any tax reform in President Ford's program. What is essentially needed is a program of substantial tax relief for poor and lower-income families.

Rep. Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has blasted the Ford package as "totally preposterous" and has proposed a plan (as yet unofficial) that concentrates on cutting individual income taxes. It would change the form of the 1975 tax cuts somewhat but its basic effect would leave most people with the same take-home pay they now get. He apparently proposes the enactment of a tax credit equal to 3 per cent of an individual's taxable income up to a ceiling of \$12,000. That would mean a maximum credit of \$360. A minimum credit of \$65 would be established for single persons, \$130 for married couples. Ullman's plan would also make permanent the increases in the standard deduction (16 per cent on gross income, with a ceiling of \$2,300 for single individuals and \$2,600 for married couples) and the low-income allowance (\$1,600 for single individuals and \$1,900 for married couples) that were enacted in 1975. Reportedly, the Ullman plan, like Ford's, scraps the refundable earned income credit, so that the poorest families would suffer. Reform-minded people had better be on the alert.

Mr. Ford has been misleading the public and placing

the entire responsibility for budget deficits on federal social programs. He ignores the colossal expenditures—\$175 billion—made to sustain the Vietnamese dictatorships of President Diem, Marshal Ky and General Thieu in the bloody war which Nixon perpetuated and which Ford zealously supported from its beginning to its end. Ford's tax-budget gambit slyly distracts attention from the

ruinous economic policies of the Nixon and Ford administrations which have damaged the economy for the last seven years.

Ford's tax-budget proposals will be a major issue in the 1976 campaign. If the Democrats grasp the nettle, they will find that the program is vulnerable indeed. The question is: will they grasp it?

THE NLRB DOWN SOUTH

HOW 7,041 GOT FIRED

ED McCONVILLE

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People just won't believe Bruce Lemmond when he tells them he was fired for union activity. At first he didn't believe it, either. Like most of us, he had learned in school that a federal law protects the right of workers to join unions without fear of reprisals from their employers. Specifically, Section 8 (a) (3) of the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA), passed in 1935, states: "It shall be an unfair labor practice for an employer, by discrimination in regard to hire or tenure of employment . . . to encourage or discourage membership in any labor organization. . . ." Yet, forty years after passage of the Wagner Act supposedly granted workers the "right to organize," the evidence is overwhelming that Bruce Lemmond and thousands like him are still being fired for their union activities.

In 1973, Lemmond, 28, was working as a truckdriver at the Florida Steel Corp. plant in Charlotte, N.C. The United Steel Workers of America was meeting fierce resistance in its attempt to organize the Tampa-based company, which has plants in Florida, both Carolinas and Georgia. Lemmond became active in the organizing campaign; he encouraged others to attend union meetings with him and even admitted to management that he favored the union. He says his immediate supervisor tried frequently to dissuade him from supporting the Steel Workers (itself a violation of the NLRA).

"Everybody up there told me they'd get rid of me for union activity," Lemmond says, but he had more faith in Florida Steel's fairness. "I never thought I'd get fired because I'd never done anything wrong." And, he reasoned, even if the company did consider doing anything rash, there was always that law.

One Thursday in June 1973, some steel fell off the back of Lemmond's truck as he drove through the plant gates. He stopped at the guardhouse to ask for help reloading it. Five men lifted the steel back onto the truck while Lemmond stood chatting with a supervisor. The work completed, he drove away, thinking nothing more about the routine mishap.

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he was given a written reprimand for allegedly refusing to help load the steel back onto the truck and for talking to union organizers through the fence when he should have been working. Lemmond swears, to the satisfaction of the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) officials, that he was not asked to help by the supervisor, who "stood there and talked to me the whole time." He acknowledges that union organizers were present outside the gate, but says he did not speak to them, realizing that "talking union on company time" would get him in trouble.

After reading the reprimand, Lemmond asked what would happen if he refused to sign it. "We can fix another one up for you real easy," he recalls a supervisor saying. "So what could I do?" asks Lemmond. "It really made me mad, but I signed it."

Upset, he asked his dispatcher if he might take the rest of the afternoon off, and the man said yes. "See you Monday," he smiled gratefully. "See you Monday," replied the dispatcher.

But when Lemmond returned to work on Monday morning, company officials contended that he had quit in anger Friday. As he tells it, "I said, 'No I never quit,'" but a supervisor answered, "It's too late now. We've already turned your vacation time in."

"There wasn't anything I could do," says Lemmond. "They'd fired me."

"It was unreal," he recalls. "When they first did it, I told my wife, 'They're crazy. There's no way they can get away with this. I might be out of work a week before they have to take me back.'"

But it has been more than two years since Lemmond and twelve other employees were discharged from Florida Steel's Charlotte operation—and seventeen months since the firings were judged illegal by the NLRB. Yet to date none of them has received any redress from the company, the NLRB, or the courts.

Their predicaments are not isolated instances of a practice that died out after the turbulent 1930s. In fiscal 1974 alone, NLRB regional offices awarded \$8.4 million in back pay to 7,041 employees "discharged for union activity."

Several times that number of workers, fired for highly questionable reasons during organizing campaigns, have

been unable to meet the rigorous standards of evidence required by the NLRB and the courts. For example, an NLRB trial examiner ruled against twenty-two J.P. Stevens and Co. employees dismissed en masse in 1973 for trying to ask questions during an anti-union speech given in the plant during working hours. He held that, since the twenty-two were being paid for the time they spent listening to this "captive audience" speech, they were guilty of insubordination serious enough to warrant their dismissal. Many more discharged workers never file charges with the NLRB, and countless other union supporters are harassed to the point of quitting. The NLRA does not cover employees "forced to quit," only those formally fired.

A disproportionate number of these firings occur in the largely unorganized South, particularly in the aggressively anti-union textile industry. The most notorious offender has been J.P. Stevens, the nation's second largest textile manufacturer. Over eight years, Stevens has been forced to reinstate 289 illegally fired workers, with back pay awards totaling more than \$1.3 million. The NLRB has found the company guilty in thirteen separate firing cases, and none of the decisions has been overturned by the courts. Additional cases are pending. The U.S. Court of Appeals held Stevens in contempt in 1972 for refusing to comply with the court's decrees prohibiting further unfair labor practices.

While not nearly as large as Stevens, the Florida Steel Corp. has begun to amass an imposing legal record of its own. It is involved in eleven separate unfair labor practice cases, six of which entail firings for union activity. In three of these six, Florida Steel has been ordered by the NLRB or its trial examiners to reinstate eighteen illegally fired workers. It settled another case out of court, with back wage payments to five fired workers, and decisions have yet to be rendered in the two remaining cases.

Firing for union activity has increased dramatically since the early 1960s, according to Congressional reports. Why has this primitive labor relations practice again become prevalent? Basically, because it works. Labor leaders and government officials agree that getting rid of a union's more active supporters can have a chilling effect on other workers, leaving them too frightened to support the union overtly or covertly. Employers feel free to flout the NLRA's prohibition against illegal discharges because it is backed by enforcement provisions that are both too little and too late.

The Act permits the NLRB, when it finds a worker has been fired for siding with a union, to order two basic "remedies." It can order the company involved to reinstate the fired employee in his former job or a "substantially equivalent" one and it can direct that the discharged employee be reimbursed for the back wages he would have earned had he not been fired.

According to Daniel Pollitt, one of the South's leading labor lawyers, Southern textile executives laughingly refer to NLRB back pay awards as the "hunting license" they need to engage in illegal union-busting activities. Pollitt says Southern corporations willingly pay these relatively small sums time and again to avoid eventually having to pay the much higher costs of a union contract. In a 1972 decision finding Stevens in contempt of its order to stop firing union sympathizers, a U.S. Court of Appeals found that "the record here strongly justifies the inference that

the company deliberately took their chance in ignoring our decrees because they thought it profitable for them to do so."

A closer look shows why the companies think that way. Back pay awards are tax-deductible as a legitimate business expense. And if a fired employee is able to find work before being reinstated, his earnings during the period are subtracted from what the company must pay him.

Why, then, doesn't the NLRB use stronger measures to prevent illegal discharges? The board points out that, as written, "The Act is not a criminal statute. It is entirely remedial. It is intended to prevent and remedy unfair labor practices, not to punish the person responsible for them." But how can the Act effectively prevent unfair labor practices if it cannot punish those responsible? As early as 1961, a Congressional subcommittee chaired by Rep. Roman Pucinski (D., Ill.) recommended that "the knowing commission of an unfair labor practice be made penal, punishable like any other federal crime." Like many other sound suggestions to strengthen the NLRA, this proposal has been largely ignored from that day to this.

Technically, a federal Court of Appeals can impose jail sentences for contempt of its decrees enforcing board orders, but NLRB officials and labor lawyers cannot recall a single instance in the forty years of the Act's existence where a corporate executive went to jail for illegal firings.

Several amendments designed to provide the NLRA with more effective deterrents have been put forward. The Pucinski committee and later the Special House Subcommittee on Labor, chaired by Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), have recommended that government contracts be denied to employers who repeatedly violate the Act. Union leaders have pointed out that companies practicing racial discrimination are disqualified from receiving government contracts and that, in the words of a Textile Workers Union of America resolution, "It is just as serious a violation of a worker's civil rights to fire him because he exercises his right to join a union under the law."

Such a prohibition would give potential labor law violators much greater pause than do existing back pay awards—the Act's most habitual violator, J.P. Stevens, received \$10.6 million in contracts from the Defense Department alone in fiscal 1974. The \$104 million in government contracts which Stevens has received since 1968 is eighty times greater than the \$1.3 million it has lost in back pay awards since 1967.

The Textile Workers Union of America has proposed that chronic labor law violators be ordered to pay triple damages, as now provided for violators of the antitrust laws, or punitive damages, as now provided for willful violators of certain other laws. Both the Pucinski and Thompson subcommittees advocated amendments authorizing individuals fired for union activity to sue their employers in civil court for triple damages. At present the NLRA does not allow employees to initiate private suits for damages resulting from the loss of their jobs, although it does permit employers to sue unions for damages arising from secondary boycotts.

Besides providing a deterrent that amounts to little more than a slap on the wrist, the Act furnishes "relief"—which usually comes years too late to do the fired workers any good. Dismissed employees must wait until all appeals in

their cases have been exhausted before they can return to work and collect their back pay—and confirmed labor law violators almost always appeal an NLRB trial examiner's adverse decision to the five-member board in Washington and then to the federal courts. Some 90 per cent of the unfair labor practice rulings against employers in fiscal 1974 were made at the trial examiner level, but Southern companies like Stevens and Florida Steel have appealed every adverse firing decision to the full board and the courts. According to a penetrating Thompson subcommittee report which has been allowed to gather dust since 1968, company appeals in these discharge cases are often "merely an excuse for delay." A U.S. Circuit court has ruled that most of Stevens's grounds for appeal "are entirely frivolous; all are without merit."

Pollitt, who currently serves as counsel to the Thompson Special House Subcommittee on Labor, says it takes a minimum of two and a half years from the time a worker is fired to get his case through the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, the circuit in which most Southern textile companies are located. He estimates that, by the time their cases are settled, only about a quarter of the workers entitled to reinstatement and back pay can even be located.

There's very few people will need the money years later," says Lemmond angrily. "By then they've found something else. They need it when they get fired. I needed it then. I needed it bad." Lemmond was out of work for three months, and is still paying back the money he had to borrow then from his brothers to support his wife and daughter. At that, he suffered less than did most of his fired co-workers at Florida Steel. "I was lucky, because I was younger and could drive a truck. Some of 'em weren't so lucky."

In April 1974, ten months after he was fired, Lemmond was informed that an NLRB administrative law judge had found that he and twelve other workers at Florida Steel had been illegally discharged for union activity. The company appealed this decision to the full board, which upheld it in October 1974, sixteen months after Lemmond had lost his job. It then appealed the board's ruling to the Fourth Circuit Court.

During oral arguments before the court last April, a company attorney said he had just learned that a former Florida Steel supervisor, whose confession of his role in setting up union sympathizers to be fired was crucial to the trial examiner's finding, had accepted money from the union. His evidence? The statement of a company official that the supervisor in question had casually admitted this to him at the time of the NLRB hearings. A highly unlikely proposition, vehemently denied by the supervisor in a signed statement. NLRB attorneys opposed the company's request that the court send the case back to the board to adduce further evidence on the supervisor's motivation for testifying against his former employers. Nevertheless, this June, two full years after Lemmond's firing took place, the court remanded the case back to the board for further testimony. "I can't believe the court bought it," said an NLRB official privately. In his opinion, "the company was just bluffing at the last minute to gain time."

In any case, the holding of additional hearings before a trial examiner, the issuing of another board decision and the rendering of a final court ruling is certain to consume at least another year, by which time Lemmond and his

co-workers will have been waiting at least three years for relief.

"I can't understand why the courts are so slow," said Lemmond. "I wish I had a pile of money and could hire smooth lawyers to stall for me like the company. The labor board proved they were wrong, but they're a big corporation, so they're not wrong, they don't have to pay. If they had sued me for three months' pay and won, how long do you think the judge would give me to pay?"

While Lemmond says he would risk his job again to fight for a union, some of the Florida Steel employees fired with him are not so sure. "I'm still in favor of unions," says Eric Swanson, an articulate 29-year-old college dropout, "but if I was put in the same position again, where I was forced to lose another job, and to lose this amount of time and money, and to undergo this degree of disappointment, I doubt that I would take the same chance again."

Much attention, but little action, has been devoted over the years to the inadequacies of the Act's remedies for illegal discharges. In 1959 a panel of legal experts advising then Sen. John F. Kennedy on labor law reform, commented that: "In labor-management relations justice delayed is often justice denied. A remedy granted more than two years after the event will bear little relation to the human situation which gave rise to the need for government intervention."

Representative Thompson has worked conscientiously for the last decade to overcome Congressional indifference and hostility to any measure that would put teeth in the Act. In 1968 his Special House Subcommittee on Labor suggested several thoughtful legislative solutions to the problem of delay, none of which aroused much enthusiasm in the full House. One proposed amendment would have reinstated any employee, pending appeal, after a trial examiner had determined that he had been fired for union activity. That would keep an illegally fired person out of work for about six months—an unhappy prospect, but better than three or four years. Another proposal would have made an NLRB trial examiner's decision in a firing case final within the agency, though still subject to appellate court review. The full board would have reviewed a case only if at least two of its members thought the decision contained serious procedural errors. Yet another amendment would have created a "subsistence fund," from which the government would lend a fired worker money until his case was settled.

Encouraged by the election of a liberal majority in last November's Congressional elections, the Thompson panel is again holding hearings on the NLRA's inadequate protections for fired workers. It plans to report out two bills incorporating some of the proposals discussed here, to make the Act's deterrents more effective and to bring quicker relief to illegally discharged workers.

The bills face an uncertain future this session, with other, better publicized measures claiming higher priority among legislators. But whether the situation receives attention from the media or not, the fact remains that many American workers still are not free to make an uncoerced choice about whether or not to join a labor union—a right the National Labor Relations Act supposedly guaranteed forty years ago. □

Italy and the Ironies of Detente

DAVID V. EDWARDS

The internal weaknesses in America's détente foreign policy are nowhere clearer than in the deteriorating relations with Italy after the sweeping Communist Party gains in last summer's local and regional elections. The miasma of détente without entente, of superpower coordination based on drastic misunderstanding of the politics of allied countries, also afflicted the relations of both superpowers with revolutionary Portugal and the European community. But the case of Italy, while less politically glamorous than that of Portugal and less economically compelling than that of the Common Market, may prove more important to the future of world politics. And, like the early stages in the disintegration of French Indochina, its significance cannot be understood correctly or presciently in the cold-war context in which our détente era of foreign policy is perversely cast.

The ironies and contradictions of America's more friendly relations with Moscow and Peking and its continuing harsh resistance to domestic Communist regimes and movements from Indochina through Italy to Portugal were well recognized outside the United States. But the problem is much deeper than this contradiction. The real problem is the fundamental inability—shared by Washington and Moscow—to discern and allow for the ineluctably growing estrangement of popular movements from the old nation-state organization of politics and economics.

The United States has seen—and, many Europeans believe, sought to impede—the tendency toward economic unification of Western Europe. And so, at last, have the Soviets. But asserted American support for a United Europe has generally been based on a desire to strengthen military and political resistance to Eastern communism and to develop the Western European economy for more efficient and profitable trade. These efforts flourished as long as a Soviet threat to Berlin and the German border remained credible. But most evidence for that continuing threat was imported from Asia, where Soviet intentions were divined from the conflicts in Korea and Indochina. When Soviet cooperation was finally, desperately, required to liberate America from Vietnam via détente, the last persuasive argument for anti-Communist resistance in Europe was invalidated. It put the United States in the anomalous position of advocating cooperation at superpower level between the capitalist-democrats and the Communist-totalitarians, while continuing to oppose the cooperation of capitalists with Communists and their frequent allies the Socialists in the democracies of Western Europe—all in the name of détente.

The bases of the policy were stated aptly by the American Ambassador to Italy, construction magnate John

Volpe, in an early September interview with an Italian news weekly: "Détente does not mean that we are indifferent to the potential erosion of our alliances and to the close ties that link us to our closest allies. Italy's domestic affairs are a matter solely for the Italians to decide. But we and our allies obviously favor those forces which wish to remain allied with us in a progressive democratic system which avoids extremism of either Left or Right. We will give no encouragement to those who advocate radical divergences from this framework."

This is the policy that virtually stymied the United States in Portugal and has led to a series of embarrassing refusals to give travel visas to prominent Italian Communist political figures—most recently, to the chief expert on foreign affairs, Sergio Segre, who was invited to a New York conference by the utterly establishment Council on Foreign Relations, itself the springboard to influence of the likes of Henry Kissinger and, in an important sense, the architect of American cold-war foreign policy.

Ambassador Volpe's remarks in defense of that policy produced a widespread outcry in Italy on the Right as well as on the Left, but they were wholly consistent with the convoluted architecture of American détente theory as well as with the American understanding of Italian politics, which was summarized in Kissinger's widely quoted interpretation of the recent election results as an ominous gain for the "nondemocratic forces."

This American understanding is, in fact, a serious misunderstanding, which threatens not simply to encourage Italian politics in a leftward direction, but more important to conceal from American policy makers, and the public, fundamental changes in the elements of world politics—elements that can be seen emerging more clearly in the recent Italian elections than as yet anywhere else in Europe.

The American misinterpretation of Italian politics extends back to the elections of 1948, when Italian-Americans were urged to write their relatives back home of the dangers inherent in voting Communist. The Communists and the Socialists had been forced out of a coalition government in 1947 and so became the chief beneficiaries of protest voting. The Communists have been assigned that role ever since—a fact which has encouraged the twin mistakes of dismissing Communist electoral strength as based simply in diffuse malcontents and failing to see and take seriously the party's commitment to the electoral route to power. Few at the time understood the full significance of the fact that the party's first postwar leader, Palmiro Togliatti, took an oath of loyalty to the King when in 1944 he returned from the Soviet Union to join the Italian Government. From that time the party has been committed to electoral victory rather than revolution, and, as the party paper *L'Unita* reminded readers in response to Volpe's suggestion that the party is a "nondemocratic force," the party "has always fought democratically."

In 1948, Americans did not understand the party's commitment to the existing political system. In 1975, American

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policy makers do not understand or believe leader Enrico Berlinguer's oft-pronounced commitment, not only to the democratic political system but also to the persistence of capitalism in Italy and the continued membership of Italy in NATO. The turmoil in Portugal at the time of the June elections, coupled as it was with Turkish action against American bases in response to the arms boycott, no doubt intensified American fear that NATO's southern flank would soon collapse. But America has always feared that Italy would become a Russian Trojan Horse in Europe and NATO. Accordingly, the United States has always had difficulty understanding Italian politics because it could not see the Communist Party in any other role.

This difficulty has been exacerbated by the misleading assessments offered regularly by the Communists' chief adversaries, the ever ruling plurality Christian Democratic Party, which each election raises the same specter of an end to democracy, capitalism and public order if the Communists gain power. And until this election, the Christian Democrats have had the active assistance of the Catholic Church, which has always instructed its adherents to vote against the Communists. Furthermore, misinterpretation of the Communist gains in the recent elections was encouraged by the tendency of Italian voting experts and journalists to interpret the results as national party totals, to be compared with those of the 1972 elections.

The 1972 elections were national elections to the Parliament, while the 1975 elections were local, provincial and regional. And while the figures do reveal a deepening erosion of Christian Democratic support throughout the nation (down 3.1 per cent to 35.6, while the Communist Party gained 4.9 per cent to 32.4), their real usefulness as a barometer of rising dissatisfaction with Rome and growing regional sentiment in Italy, this youngest of major European nation-states, can be applied only if the elections are studied in local and regional terms.

Italy's regional political system, promised by the Constitution of 1948, but not finally established, for complex political reasons, until elections held in 1970, consists of fifteen regions that organize eighty-six provinces containing 6,343 communes (cities and towns). There are in addition five special regions that were set up earlier and are distinguished by separatist tendencies deriving from island geography (Sicily and Sardinia) or linguistic variation (French Valle d'Aosta, German Alto Adige, and Trieste); they have existed longer with more autonomy and they vote in other years.

The Italian political and administrative tradition since the country was unified in 1861 has been one of centralized government imposing uniformity on localities by central appointment of officials and centralized organization of political parties. The failure of this system to solve or even ameliorate Italy's grave economic problems, particularly the split between the industrial north and the underdeveloped south, culminated in the near bankruptcy of the country a year ago. Tight recessionary policies by a desperate Christian Democratic coalition government staved off fiscal collapse, but at the expense not only of the living standard of the workers but of Italian industrial production as well, which dropped by 12 per cent in the first four months of 1975.

This set the stage for the regional elections in which the

Christian Democrats campaigned on a law-and-order platform against pervasive terrorism (which many attribute to the extreme Right, rather than the Left, as Christian Democratic propaganda suggested), and a claim to have provided Italy with "thirty years of freedom." The chief adversaries, the Communist Party and their frequent allies at the local level, the Socialists, responded with "freedom to be unemployed or to migrate to Northern Europe." The Communists campaigned on the slogan "our hands are clean"—a reference to extensive Christian Democratic corruption and a long-standing Communist record of impressive administration of many Italian cities, the most prominent being Bologna.

There were attempts, as usual, to attribute the leftist gains to protest voting, particularly in this time of economic difficulty. But this argument ignores the fact that, especially in local elections, there are many opportunities to cast non-Communist and non-Socialist protest votes, for often not only the Liberals, the Republicans and the neo-Fascists but also many unaffiliated local parties are running. Yet despite such outlets for dissatisfaction, the Left's gains extended the "red belt" of regional rule from Emilia, Tuscany and Umbria to Liguria and Piedmont, and gave the Communists more important roles in five other regions, plus a share of governing power by coalition in twenty-nine provincial councils and thirty cities, including Milan and Venice. The Communist Party is now the largest vote getter in all of Italy's major cities.

Some of the Communist success is attributable to its great strength among young voters (the voting age dropped to 18 this year, and more than half of the new voters went Communist), and some to the declining political role of the Catholic Church. The Communists have recently offered to make peace with the Church as part of an "historic compromise" that would bring the party into a national coalition of all "progressive and anti-Fascist" forces to solve Italy's urgent problems—a proposal still anathema to most Christian Democratic leaders but nonetheless to many an idea whose time has almost come. In any case, it illustrates the increasingly establishmentarian disposition of the Communist Party.

Popular attitudes toward the Communists have changed drastically. In 1961 a survey showed that only 19 per cent of the population believed one could be "a good Communist and a good Catholic at the same time"; by 1972 that number had climbed steadily to 55 per cent. This change makes Christian Democratic support of the "historic compromise" more possible, and the same general loosening of attitudes no doubt opens greater opportunities for local Communist gains.

The ultimate effect of the change in attitudes has been to undermine the twin bases of traditional support for the ruling Christian Democrats: clericalism and opposition to communism. And since the Christian Democratic Party has been as centrally organized as Italy's governmental structure, it has increasingly lost the capacity to recognize, let alone respond to, popular opinion on major matters. In the most telling recent instance, the Christian Democratic Party under now-deposed leader Amintore Fanfani opposed legalization of divorce and was resoundingly beaten in last year's referendum.

But beyond failure to recognize and capitalize upon such



Oliphant, The Washington Star

topical matters as abortion and birth control (both now being pushed by the Communists), the real failure of the Christian Democrats has been an inability to provide a credible and uncorrupt government at the local level. The Communist Party and its various local allies (occasionally including left-wing Christian Democrats) stress "capable, honest, efficient and stable" local administrations, and can by now point to many examples of such under their aegis. And their success in the recent elections was on a platform of greater regional provision of social services, in opposition to the centralizing stagnation for which the Italian bureaucracy is famous and the Christian Democratic Party is largely blamed.

In the face of this tradition of bureaucratic stagnation, the only way to get something done in Italy has been what is everywhere called *sottogoverno* ("under government"), the system by which one person of influence (almost always a Christian Democrat) writes a "letter of recommendation" to an official or an executive (generally also a Christian Democrat) in behalf of a petitioner for a job, a license to do business, or any other desire requiring action by a bureaucrat or other official. The *sottogoverno* functions even when the government, the bureaucracy or the party cannot. And so Italy staggers along.

As other parties get a greater share of this action (which they now make a condition for participating in a governmental coalition with the Christian Democrats) and as the Christian Democratic Party falters and becomes more and more out of touch with public sentiment, the *sottogoverno* will survive. The effect of that will be further localization of administration and politics—all, once again, at the expense of the centralized nation-state that has defaulted on its obligations to both the economic interests (in a country some 70 per cent of whose economy is under significant state control) and the population at large (whose standard of living deteriorates under alternating inflation and deflation).

The immediate casualty of the ineffectuality displayed by the bureaucratized state is the confidence of the electorate. The ultimate casualty will be the centralized government itself. Perhaps, as Berlinguer suggests, the Communist Party of Italy could make the difference in preserving Italy as a unified and efficacious nation-state, either in an "historic compromise" coalition or in an emergent Left coalition with the Socialists, should national elections generate a new governing majority for the Left. Or perhaps the party's attractiveness to voters at the national level would evaporate in the face of insurmountable problems of governance. Opinions in Italy vary. But more and more agree with Berlinguer that there will soon be no alternative to inviting the Communists in—if they are not swept in on the next electoral tide. Could the Communist reputation for clean and (at least by Italian standards) efficient government at the local and regional levels survive national responsibilities? Opinions vary even more.

But would Italy under a Communist government prove to be Russia's Trojan Horse in Europe? Only the predominantly elderly leadership of the Christian Democrats plus the neo-Fascists seem convinced of that. Along with, of course, Ambassador Volpe and Henry Kissinger, who discount utterly Berlinguer's oft-repeated pledge to keep Italy in NATO and capitalism in Italy, and who are either ignorant or excessively suspicious of the party's record of independence from Moscow and commitment to the Italian political system.

The real reason for the inability of American officials to contemplate the possibility of a democratic Communist movement in Western Europe may be traceable to the inherent contradictions in the Kissinger theory of détente. He believes that peace and tension reduction can be brought about only through the maintenance of military pressure upon the Soviet Union—a theory of rehabilitation

rather reminiscent of that underlying the law-and-order approach to police and prison which has failed so completely in the United States.

But to sustain an overwhelming military capability requires Congressional support of a hypertrophic defense budget, and to maintain a militant global posture requires public support of adventurism of the *Mayagüez* affair variety. Such commitments presuppose clear popular perception of a grave threat. And if the United States cooperates with its major adversary, Moscow, the only possible threats remaining are weak clients like Cambodia or potential political forces like the Italian Communist Party.

The time has long since passed when threat mongering of this sort can convince the rest of Europe to rally round the anti-Communist flag. Indeed, the movement toward popular-front unity among Socialists and Communists, while at present set back in Portugal, continues unabated in France and in the underground in (and in exile from) Franco Spain. How much longer it will take the American people to spot the inconsistency of détente with the Soviets and confrontation with Western European Communists remains to be seen. But America's policy of discouraging and resisting Communist entry into the Italian governing coalition can only further stimulate a leftward turn by the Italian electorate, and so might well produce a coalition of Communists and Socialists in the next general election, scheduled for 1977 but subject to earlier call should the Christian Democrats be unable to sustain a workable ruling coalition.

If Communist accession to a share of ruling power is delayed these two years, the resilience of the Italian economy in the face of a growing labor discontent managed by Communist-oriented unions may be put to grave test. As indeed may the very political fabric of Italy, which at present is still a unified, if administratively stagnant and economically jeopardized, nation-state. Communist accession, put off too long, may come too late to avert even the breakup of that state, let alone a harsher political struggle of the kind that emerged in Portugal.

Italians are fond of referring to themselves as unpolitical and the Italian people as ungovernable, but where the Portuguese, when their revolution came, suffered from a lack of political experience, the Italians would suffer from an excess.

Severe turmoil in Italy would undermine Kissinger's détente by forcing confrontations between the superpowers, now on the sidelines, and jeopardizing political alignments in other countries. A responsible role for the Italian Communist Party in the national government, if achieved soon, might also undermine the détente by erasing the fear that undergirds it.

The difference is that Communist coalition rule in Italy might educate the United States and the Soviet Union about the common problems of industrializing and regionalizing bureaucratized nation-states and generate useful knowledge about how Western Europe could reconstruct itself as a region of regions, a continent of both transnational relations in the European communities and of subnational political and economic powers vested in more cohesive populations. Every major country in Europe can foresee the same problems emerging, and each must fear intervention by stagnation-seeking superpowers operating on the Kissinger-Brezhnev theory of détente at the expense of necessary change. But were such change to occur—probably first in Italy and, if at all, under the leadership of the Communists—the way might be cleared to establish a true and resilient détente based on entente, not only among the superpowers but also among the other states of Europe. And eventually this might lead as well to a Europe not so much of fatherlands (the Gaullist ideal), nor of Europeans (the federationist ideal) but rather increasingly of communities that build upon cultural bonds and economic interactions no longer artificially impeded and distorted by territorial boundaries and administrative debilitation. Berlinguer's proposed "historic compromise" may be the best available short-term step toward such a longer-term historic reconstruction and toward a viable and constructive détente. □

THE KILLER COPS

LEFT FOR DEAD IN PHILLY

HARRY LORE

No man shall be in any sort destroyed unless it be by the verdict of his equals, or according to the law of the land.

—Coke's Second Institute: Commentary on Clause 39 of the Magna Carta. Published in 1642 by Order of the House of Commons.

There have been abuses of power by law-enforcement agencies in the past. But the excess of zeal of the past could be replaced by a dangerous excess of hesitancy in the future.

—Atty. Gen. Edward H. Levi

Philadelphia, Pa.

By some estimates, 10 million to 20 million tourists will visit Philadelphia in the coming year. Grandiose plans have been made. New museums are being built and Rittenhouse Square is being repaved. There is even a move to increase the availability of public toilets. But the visitor, after touring Independence Hall and the refurbished colonial homes in Elfreth's Alley and Society Hill, may stumble on the fact that oppression in this city did not end with the revolt against George III.

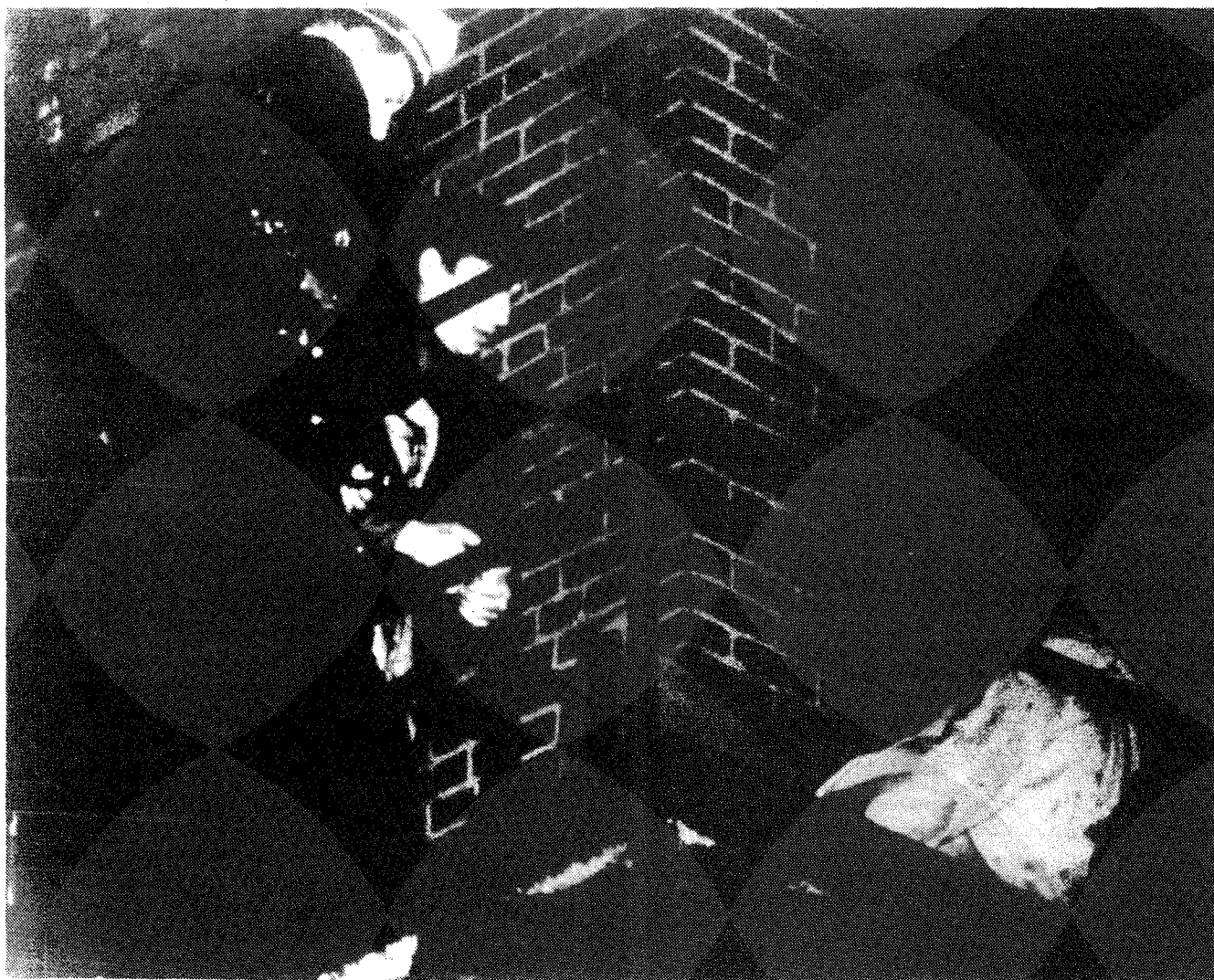
Harry Lore is a member of the Philadelphia Bar and of the National Lawyers Guild.

Under the present municipal administration, as well as under its predecessor, Philadelphia has been a city without effective control over police lawlessness. The number of civilians killed or beaten by police officers here in the past few years has been high. A report drafted in 1972 by the Pennsylvania Advisory Committee to the United States Civil Rights Commission concluded that Philadelphia's Police Department had become "a closed system in terms of responsibility and accountability." Already this year, twenty persons were killed by the police and, according to a newspaper survey, from 1970 through 1974 the average annual number of such deaths has been sixteen. This past summer, by way of pretrial settlement or jury verdict, the city paid more than \$400,000 in damages to seven persons beaten or shot or to the survivors of those killed by police officers. Of these seven, *three were visitors, temporarily in the city* in connection with their employment. Of the three, one was shot by an officer and then allowed to bleed to death on a balcony, a block and a half from Pennsylvania Hospital—the first hospital in the United States, founded in 1751 by Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Thomas Bond for "relief of the sick poor."

But then the dead man was an Onondaga Indian named

Leroy Shenandoah. How he came to die explains why the city of Philadelphia last summer paid a relatively substantial sum—\$130,000—to his survivors in settlement of the federal civil rights action brought on his behalf. In addition, it paid \$86,000 to settle the claims of his companions.

During the evening of March 2, 1972, a California motion picture company, known as Bagman Productions, on location in Philadelphia, was preparing to film an automobile "chase" sequence (for the movie *Trick Baby*) on Quince Street, a narrow side street in the central section of the city. Spectators gathered on the sidewalks, and some of the tenants and residents of the apartment building on the corner went out onto a second-floor fire balcony to watch the filming. Among them was Leroy Shenandoah, an ex-Green Beret and one of the Honor Guard at President Kennedy's funeral, together with a few of his friends and co-workers. From somewhere (but no one has ever stated precisely from where) up the north side of the building a small bed mattress fell or was dropped to the street. This happened at the end of the balcony opposite to the spot where Shenandoah was standing. Albert Montonaro and Thomas Rambo, police officers who were regulating traffic



Leroy Shenandoah Lying on the Fire Escape. Officer Bigenis (right) Has the Wounded Man's Jackknife in His Hand. (Photo by James O'Neal).

and the crowd, entered the building and went out on the balcony, where they began ordering the people there to leave.

Montonaro walked to the southern end of the balcony, approached Shenandoah, and with his night stick either struck or prodded him ordering him inside. Shenandoah protested and, in vigorous language, informed Montonaro of his right to remain. A fight began between them. Montonaro then shot Shenandoah, emptying all six rounds of his service revolver. John Benedict, a Mohawk Indian, standing near Shenandoah, was shot in the stomach during the fusillade. Raymond Moses, another Indian, who was trying to leave the balcony by the north door, was shot by Officer Rambo. Bullet holes were later found in the southern and northern doors of the balcony.

Montonaro later claimed that Shenandoah and three to six other persons were trying to throw him off the balcony and testified that he was holding his .38-caliber service revolver in his right hand while firing it from under his left armpit. Shenandoah was shot five or (as the city contended) six times at approximately 8 P.M.

The bullet which struck Benedict either passed through Shenandoah's body or was fired directly. All of Shenandoah's wounds were admittedly beneath his umbilical line; he was a long time dying. He fell against Montonaro and then face down against the base of the metal fire-escape steps. His wounds caused sever internal hemorrhaging and he soon went into shock. His situation, at that moment, was that of an emergency with "profuse bleeding" which, under Philadelphia Police Department Directives 74 and 75, required immediate medical attention.

Shortly after the shooting a call went out on police radio, and additional police officers and police officials arrived, coming down the fire-escape stairs onto the balcony. Shenandoah was turned over, contrary to police regulation for one so injured; he was kicked and prodded and thrown about. One witness, Archibald Montgomery, a student at the University of Pennsylvania, looked out from the window of a nearby building; he later testified to what he saw:

Q. Go on and tell us in your own words what you then proceeded to see occur on that balcony.

A. I saw two officers together, one, the uninjured officer helping the guy slumped over the balcony. Then I noticed an officer coming down the steps where the body was lying, and kicking, or pushing, whichever you prefer, the prostrate body.

Q. What did you see, as best you can recall?

A. I saw him kicking the body out of the way, on the way down the steps.

James O'Neal, one of the cameramen from the film crew, testified:

Q. As best you can recall, as best you can observe, what did he in fact do, did you see?

A. I saw a lot of foot motion in the direction of the face and body, upper chest portion of the body.

Q. Did you have occasion yourself to see anything that was happening at that end of the south end of the balcony while the camera was directed at it?

A. I did. I really have only one strong recollection, one good picture in my mind, that was very shortly after we began to roll the camera.

The policeman that I had seen run up the alley down the street, came down those steps. On the way down past the body, he kicked the body several times, once somewhere around the neck, shoulder area, once in the side, and once, I believe, in the buttocks, with his heel.

Various other witnesses confirmed this scene. Shenandoah was then turned face up and placed in a sitting position by Police Lieut. Steven Colella.

A closed jackknife was taken from a closed knife sheath on the dying man's belt by policeman Joseph Bigenis, who opened the knife and placed it by Shenandoah's right leg, where it was later photographed by the police crime laboratory. That was the first step in the fabrication of evidence surrounding the events of that evening. Bigenis "prodded" Shenandoah with his foot to see if he was "faking." Since Bigenis was directly under the balcony when the shooting took place and spoke with Montonaro immediately afterward, it's difficult to understand how he could have thought Shenandoah was "faking." High-ranking police officials and detectives came on the balcony, including two chief inspectors, an inspector, a captain and two lieutenants.

Around 8:20 P.M. Police Captain Cavanaugh called over his hand radio for an emergency patrol wagon to take Shenandoah to the hospital. Cavanaugh seemingly believed, at that time, that Shenandoah was still alive. An emergency wagon arrived around 8:23 P.M., and two hospitals are within two or three blocks of the scene. However, Lieutenant Colella, who was then inside the building, countermanded the Captain's order and directed the wagon crew to take witnesses to the homicide division. During this time, instead of being given medical attention, Shenandoah was examined for so-called "signs of life" by numerous detectives and police officials.

As the minutes passed, hemorrhaging from the bullet wounds continued, exacerbated by shifting him to a sitting position. About 8:45 P.M. two police crime laboratory technicians arrived and spent the next half-hour photographing the scene, including the body of Shenandoah against the steps, with the open jackknife alongside his right knee. Police vehicles capable of transporting Shenandoah and Benedict to nearby hospitals had arrived on the scene within five minutes of the shooting, but Shenandoah was not removed until approximately 9:25 P.M., under orders from Lieut. James Martin. He was pronounced dead at Pennsylvania Hospital at 9:30 P.M. Lieutenant Martin's "decision" to have Shenandoah removed at 9:25 rather than earlier was never made the subject of any questions or inquiry. He was never asked why he waited nearly an hour and a half. Martin was the highest ranking homicide officer on the scene.

Police Directive No. 2 states that "obviously dead bodies" may not be moved until released by the medical examiner, which was not done in this case. Even more important, this directive clearly states, "Where there is a possibility of life, no matter how slight, transport victim to hospital."

From approximately 8 P.M. until 9:25, Shenandoah was kept propped up on the balcony. During this time he was pushed, prodded, kicked, turned over, turned back and photographed. His life ebbed. Police Department directives were violated or ignored, and basic first-aid pro-

cedures, which require a victim in such circumstances to be placed lying down, were never followed. The cause of his death was hypovolemic shock due to blood loss. There was never any investigation as to the "cause of death," nor were any of the nearly three score police officers "specifically" asked why Shenandoah was not removed from the balcony earlier than 9:25 P.M.

During this hour and a half, high-ranking police officials, detectives and other police officers walked over him; and with macabre curiosity, at least a dozen officers examined him for "signs of life." (Police Directive No. 2, mentioned above, denies an officer the authority to determine that a wounded person is alive or dead; it is a medical decision.) The names of seventy-four police personnel were listed as being present. Criminal charges were immediately brought against Shenandoah's companions. The case was all over the newspapers and on radio and television the following day. The District Attorney's office was in continual communication with the Police Department on this case. And yet every reel of tape carrying any police broadcasts relating to this incident was erased on April 3, 1972 pursuant to a so-called tape-retention policy adopted a year earlier! No record is left of what this battery of police officers and ranking officials communicated via police radio at the time. This, despite the fact that criminal charges of assault and battery on police officers, resisting arrest, etc., were pending against Shenandoah's companions Raymond Moses, John Benedict, Marvin Crouse and Maynard Gabriel, and such tapes would well have contained vital evidence.

According to Dr. George R. Schwartz, a medical professor and specialist in emergency medicine; Dr. Joshua Perper, a forensic pathologist with the Pittsburgh medical examiner's office, and Dr. David M. Spain, a distinguished New York pathologist and author of *Post-Mortem*, the life of Shenandoah would probably have been saved had he been given prompt surgical attention at one of the nearby hospitals. Why then was he not promptly removed to a hospital? What reason did the city give for keeping him on the balcony? The police took the position that Shenandoah's wounds were "irreversible," his condition "irremediable" and the many officers who examined him for "signs of life" could find none. But no physician was ever

summoned to examine or treat him while he was on the balcony. No physician gave his medical judgment that the body on the balcony was dead. During the charade played out on the balcony, not once did a single officer consider that in the time it took to examine for "signs of life," one of their number could have walked, ridden over or called one of the hospitals close at hand.

The medical examiner of Philadelphia ruled Shenandoah's death "excusable homicide," without benefit of an inquest and relying entirely on the police and the District Attorney to inform him of what had happened.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, after a "limited" investigation of the killing, found no reason to conclude that anybody's rights were violated, despite the fact that a motion-picture film, taken by one of the movie cameramen, of the balcony during the aftermath of the shooting was sufficient to convince a criminal jury that the police were lying and to acquit Shenandoah's companions of the charge that they had beaten the police officers. In addition to the motion-picture film, a "still" cameraman with the film crew took a series of 35 mm. photos of essentially the same scenes (see illustration).

As of August 5, 1974, the FBI was still in the process of conducting "further preliminary investigation" into the case, and it does not appear that they went beyond that before dropping the matter in March 1975. The FBI originally commenced its work on April 27, 1972 with a self-imposed restriction "to conduct a *limited* investigation into the *possibility* that when Leroy Shenandoah was shot by a policeman . . . his civil rights *may have* been violated." The only progress made over two years by the FBI was to move from a "limited" to a "preliminary" investigation!

The Eighth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution talks of protecting people against "cruel and unusual punishment" at the hands of the state. The late Chief Justice Earl Warren said in the 1956 case of *Trop v. Dulles*, that "The [Eighth] Amendment must draw its meaning from the evolving standards of decency that mark the progress of a maturing society."

Philadelphia still has a long way to go before it attains that goal. □

GAS LINE FROM ALASKA

THE \$10 BILLION PANIC BUTTON

PETER J. BERNSTEIN

Prudhoe Bay, Alaska

Completion of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline is still at least two years away, yet already corporate energy interests are lining up support in Congress for another mammoth pipeline—this one for natural gas. The Federal Power Commission is the agency assigned responsibility for approving the construction of pipelines and for judging the reasonableness of gas pipeline rates and corporate returns

from sales of gas intended for interstate commerce. But rather than allow the FPC to reach a decision that might be appealed to the courts, proponents of this project want Congress to mandate a pipeline route—preferably one that would cross more than 1,000 miles of public land. If Congress allows them to get the upper hand, oil and gas interests, whose scorn for consumer and environmental con-

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cerns is undisguised, will have hastened the drift and decline of the federal regulatory process.

Two competing plans for such a gas pipeline, beginning here on Alaska's North Slope, are now before the FPC, and the agency is studying which route to certify. At stake is a transportation system for the estimated 27 trillion cubic feet of gas in the North Slope field—roughly 10 per cent of the nation's proven gas reserves. And geologists believe there are at least 100 trillion cubic feet of gas yet to be discovered on the North Slope. Last year the nation used slightly more than 22 trillion cubic feet.

An FPC administrative law judge began a hearing in May on the rival proposals. One of them, strongly favored by Ford administration energy planners, is to build a 6,280-mile pipeline from Alaska through Canada's Mackenzie River Delta to the main part of the United States. Backed by a consortium of eighteen energy companies in both countries, the so-called trans-Canadian plan would cost well over \$10 billion, making it the largest privately financed industrial project in the world.

The other proposal, made by the El Paso Natural Gas Co., would transport the gas along the same 800-mile pipeline corridor to be used for North Slope oil. At the southern terminus of the pipeline, the gas would be liquefied and shipped by giant tankers to Southern California where it would be regasified.

The issues are so complex and the parties so numerous that the hearing is expected to last until the end of the year. The FPC has promised to speed its decision in the matter because of its obvious importance to the millions of Americans who live in gas-heated homes. Still, the recommendation of the administrative law judge hearing the case isn't expected before next spring. After his recommendation, it could be another year before the FPC makes a final decision. And once the FPC has ruled, the Interior Department must decide which of the two routes will pass across federal lands, and issue an environmental impact statement. Challenges are expected from consumer and environmental groups, and the issue most likely will go to court. Administration energy planners contend that the regulatory process is so slow that the pipeline may not be built before 1982 at the earliest.

The word from the Federal Energy Administration is that President Ford will ask Congress early next year for a legislative license for the trans-Canadian route and thus speed construction. His recent designation of Richard L. Dunham as chairman of the FPC all but guarantees that the commission will not resist efforts to by-pass it. Dunham, a trusted aide of Nelson Rockefeller, has been deputy director of the White House Domestic Council. Shortly after being selected for the FPC post, he volunteered that he agreed with Ford's call for a sharp reduction of the federal role in regulating business and industry.

In the unlikely event that he should require further guidance about Ford's position on the pipeline matter, Dunham need only consult the *Congressional Record*. While a Congressman, Ford made an impassioned speech on behalf of the Canadian route. In August 1973, during debate over the planned trans-Alaska oil pipeline, Ford said he wanted a "Canadian gas line built just as quickly as possible. . . . If the trans-Alaska oil pipeline is operational by 1977, a natural gas pipeline across Canada can

be feeding clean fuel to Midwestern homes and factories by 1980."

The House subcommittee on public lands, headed by Montana Democrat John Melcher, began oversight hearings on the rival pipeline proposals on October 9, 1974. Hearings by other committees are expected to follow. Industry sponsors of the trans-Canadian proposal say the 48-inch line can be in place and moving gas by 1980 if Congress takes action early next year to speed construction. Such legislation is likely to sail through the hearing process under the banner of "energy independence." Congress, which has commendably refused to de-regulate interstate gas rates, is under great pressure to make available every possible cubic foot of natural gas.

Gas production in the lower forty-eight states has dropped for the eighth consecutive year, yet the nation depends on gas for about a third of its energy supply. Gas is the cleanest fossil fuel available, and 15 per cent of the nation's supply is still used to produce electricity. While there is great growth in gas for residential home heating and cooling, residential use is not large in terms of the entire market. Most of the gas is burned for industrial purposes, the largest consumers being the chemical and oil industries. Another big user is the aluminum industry, which employs enormous amounts of gas to make throwaway containers.

For more than two decades the oil companies have argued that the policies pursued by the FPC were counterproductive, that restrictions placed on prices of natural gas were onerous and would surely create a shortage. They now say, in effect, that the predicted shortage is at hand, and that the solution, or at least partial solution, lies in developing the Alaskan and Canadian Arctic as quickly as possible while raising the price of gas to make it more profitable.

But still unresolved are questions about the extent to which the industry itself may have promoted the gas shortage. The industry, rather than the government, maintains statistics on gas reserves and routinely denies information to the FPC which must regulate the use and price of the fuel. Strange as it may seem, the government relies on the American Gas Association (AGA), the trade body of the natural gas industry, for periodic estimates of reserves. These AGA reserve figures are regularly submitted by gas producers as evidence of a decrease in supplies available to interstate markets. Just a few months ago, the Federal Trade Commission's bureau of competition accused the AGA of understating gas reserves in an attempt to win higher rates from the FPC. The bureau recommended that the Justice Department take the AGA and eleven major oil and gas companies to court, but the recommendation was shelved.

Amid industry forecasts of a severe gas shortage this winter, there is open support for by-pass legislation among some members of Congress, mostly from lawmakers representing Midwest regions, where the gas shortage is expected to be most severe. Legislation to speed construction of the trans-Canadian line is being prepared by Indiana Sen. Birch Bayh, a Presidential aspirant who is campaigning with strong support from organized labor. Bayh is expected to introduce the measure with a number of co-sponsors when the gas shortage begins to hurt,

probably in December or January.

If Congress approves the measure, it would be the first time the FPC has been circumvented since the agency received its statutory authority in 1938 to regulate interstate gas pipelines. Today, more than 200,000 miles of pipeline, largely in the hands of nine companies, fall into that category. Like most of the special interests which have made hay under the warmth of the Nixon and Ford administrations, the pipeline companies and gas producers have done their best to keep the FPC from exercising any control whatsoever over the way they manipulate gas supplies to increase profits. And gas shortages have been their technique for getting the poorly organized consumer to support—or at least not oppose—a cause inimical to his own interest. There is no way at this time to determine how much gas flowing through a trans-Canadian pipeline might cost the U.S. consumer, but Sen. Ted Stevens of Alaska, a conservative Republican who has close ties to the White House, predicts that it will sell for “four to five times the current price.”

To be sure, the FPC has never championed the consumer. For most of its history, it has subscribed to the maxim that the oil and gas industry knows best. Its present chairman, John Nassikas, a Nixon holdover, is a vocal supporter of White House efforts to decontrol interstate gas rates. As a step in that direction, the FPC ruled recently that, in order to survive shortages this winter and next, certain industries will be allowed to buy gas directly from producers at unregulated prices. The ruling, in effect, waived FPC control over a large segment of the gas flowing through interstate lines.

Construction of the trans-Canadian pipeline would affect gas rates in most parts of the country. The pipeline at full capacity would deliver 4.5 billion cubic feet of gas a day to the Western, Midwestern and Eastern United States. Canadian gas flowing through the pipeline from fields in the Mackenzie Delta would go primarily to eastern Canada.

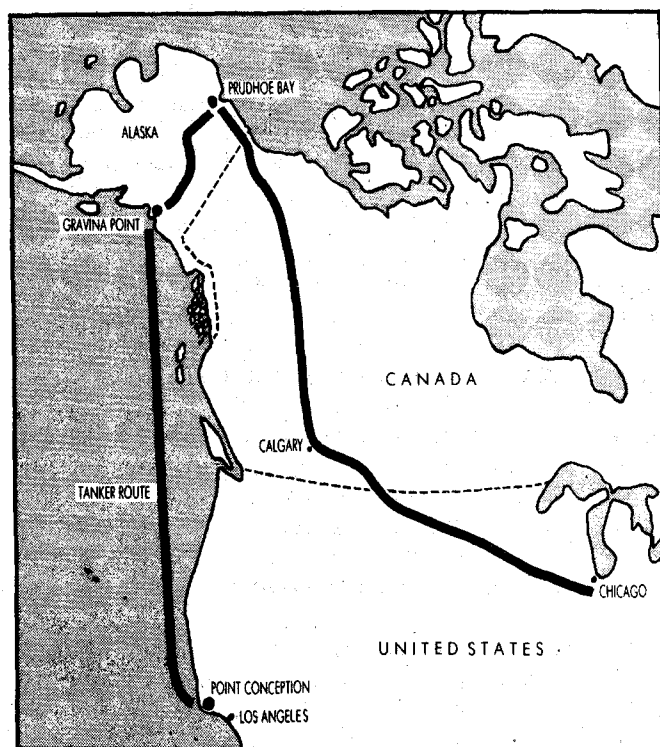
Shareholders in the consortium, organized as the Alaskan Arctic Gas Pipeline Co. and the Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Co., include four North Slope gas producers, seven large U.S. pipeline companies, nine Canadian companies and several gas utilities. Though technically not a member of the consortium, the Exxon Corporation, the nation's biggest oil and gas producer, is considered the principal power behind it. Exxon and Atlantic Richfield each controls more than 30 per cent of the North Slope gas reserves and have already made a series of deals for the gas with seven pipeline companies and utilities. Exxon's Canadian subsidiary, Imperial Oil, is the leading gas producer in the Mackenzie Delta. Two other North Slope producers, Standard Oil Co. of Ohio and B.P. Alaska, which are operating under a merger arrangement, have made deals with customers. The state of Alaska, owner of one-eighth of the North Slope gas as royalty, is due to begin negotiating soon for sale of its share.

This means that the gas producers hold the cards: about three-quarters of the gas at Prudhoe Bay is committed under provisional deals even before the pipeline has been approved, let alone built. So far more than a third of the total 27 trillion cubic feet is consigned to the Midwest, about a quarter to the West, and 15 per cent to the East. Uncommitted, but probably not for long, are 3 trillion

cubic feet held by the state of Alaska and about 3.6 trillion held by several companies owning lesser portions of the North Slope field.

These deals raise some disturbing questions. They invariably follow the same pattern: gas producers like Exxon and Atlantic Richfield enter into provisional agreements with gas utilities and pipeline companies for interest-free loans to help defray the cost of drilling for new gas. This form of financial assistance to the nation's biggest corporations has FPC approval. Some utilities and pipeline companies manage to include the cost of these deals in their rate bases.

Gas purchasers such as Pacific Gas and Electric Co. in San Francisco and Michigan-Wisconsin Pipe Line Co. in



Albert Schweitzer, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Rival Proposals for the North Slope Gas Pipeline

Detroit are willing to help finance gas production because it means an assured supply at a time when available sources are running short. Although Alaskan gas will fill only a small part of their requirements, the supply is expected to last for about twenty-five years. Such financing arrangements have drawn fire from consumer advocates who view it as another device for pushing natural gas rates still higher.

Canada and the United States are expected shortly to sign a treaty that is regarded in both countries as an essential step toward construction of the trans-Canadian pipeline. It would provide for “noninterference” in the inter-country flow of oil and gas. The signing is expected to take place during Secretary Kissinger's visit to Ottawa, scheduled at this writing for October 14.

Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau has said he favors the trans-Canadian proposal, but several prominent provincial premiers, including Peter Lougheed of Alberta,

generally oppose it. They prefer a competing plan that would build a smaller pipeline to carry Canadian gas to Canadian markets. The rival pipeline proposals are scheduled to be debated before Canada's National Energy Board in late October. In addition, Canada's Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development has appointed a commission to determine the social, economic and environmental effects of the pipeline proposals in the Far North. Canadian officials expect the study to result in a native claims settlement for Indians and Eskimos, similar to the one approved for Alaskan natives before construction of the Alaska oil pipeline. Both of Canada's boards operate under Trudeau's aegis and are expected to approve the Arctic consortium's proposal. Their decision, unlike the FPC's, is not subject to court appeal.

Opposition to the Arctic proposal is frequently heard from Canadians who belong to a relatively small but influential group called the Committee for an Independent Canada. It believes the pipeline should be owned and operated primarily by Canadians, and some of its members in Parliament hope to block the consortium proposal.

"We're not necessarily opposed to a joint project," says Robert Page, a history professor at Trent University in Ontario, who is chairman of the nonpartisan committee. "But it looks as if this pipeline will become an export corridor for Canadian gas that will be of far greater benefit to American than it will be to Canada." Page thinks it would be more to Canada's advantage to build a pipeline from recently discovered gas fields in the Far North Arctic Islands, even if by so doing construction were to be delayed several years while Canadian pipeline companies raised the necessary capital.

Arctic consortium executives deny that gas found in the Mackenzie Delta will be shipped to the United States, but there is hope among government officials in both countries that a decision to build the trans-Canadian line will lead to increased exploration in the Mackenzie Delta and, ultimately, increased exports of Canadian gas to the United States.

The subject is discussed only off the record and in tentative terms because of the Canadian Government's policy of conserving its fuels for Canadian customers. For years, Canada's policy has been to authorize for export only fuel that is surplus to Canadian needs. The calculation of surplus volumes has become more cautious in recent years, with the result that Canada has licensed no significant new gas exports since 1970.

William Brackett, vice chairman of the Arctic Gas consortium, says the trans-Canadian route would be the cheapest and safest way to transport Alaskan gas to the lower forty-eight states. "We are helping ourselves while doing an act of international cooperation to the benefit of both nations," he says. "The pipeline project is a classic example of mutual benefit from foreign trade." While Arctic consortium executives talk in glowing terms of international cooperation, their rivals at El Paso seem to hope that Canadian nationalism will suddenly emerge as a major force and destroy any prospect for a joint pipeline project.

During a debate over the competing pipeline proposals several weeks ago in Washington, El Paso vice president John Bennett, a retired major general, told several hundred

oil and gas executives, presumably including a few Canadians, that "Canadians can't be trusted." A trans-Canadian pipeline, he said, would be subject to expropriation, and its gas from Alaska could be pre-empted by the Canadian Government or one of the provinces. Bennett was deputy to former White House Chief of Staff Alexander Haig. His job was to oversee the safekeeping of the White House tapes.

Politics aside, the biggest drawback of the El Paso proposal is that its Alaska pipeline would have substantially less capacity than the trans-Canadian line. It would be of no benefit to Canada, and of questionable benefit to the U.S. Midwest and East. It would have a higher unit transportation cost than the trans-Canadian line.

Perhaps more important, the use of liquid natural gas tankers to haul gas from Alaska to Southern California poses what some transportation experts consider a major safety hazard. Dr. James A. Fay, professor of mechanical engineering at M.I.T., says LNG tankers have a potential for almost unthinkable disaster. "If there is a spill on the water or if a tanker carrying LNG collides with another ship, it could release a radiating cloud of gas which could cause burns to people living 2 miles away," Fay says.

Environmental groups are split on their choice of pipeline routes, few regarding either route as clearly better than the other. However, most objections center on the Arctic consortium's preferred route, because it would pass through the National Arctic Wildlife Range, an area of spectacular beauty in the northeast corner of Alaska regarded by many as perhaps the greatest wilderness remaining in all of North America.

Concern over damage to the Arctic country and to the native Eskimos and Indians who depend on it for subsistence hunting and fishing was heard often during a 3,500-mile journey I took last summer across Alaska and Western Canada. I followed the pipeline route for most of the way, starting at Prudhoe Bay on the Arctic Ocean and traveling for 150 miles east across the wildlife range to the Canadian border, then flying across the Yukon and into the heart of the Northwest Territories. At the small Eskimo village of Inuvik (where I stopped and eventually headed back west), the pipeline would curve southward and follow the Mackenzie River Delta through the province of Alberta and then on to the Montana border, where it would branch off to main points in the United States and Eastern Canada.

From the air, the green-and-brown tundra appears bleak and forbidding even in summer. But viewed from the ground, this is a land of almost unbelievable contrasts. From the foothills of the snow-capped Brooks Range in Alaska to the great headwater lakes of the Mackenzie River Delta there is an almost continuous forest of stunted spruce and birch set among fields that explode with the colors of a multitude of different kinds of wild flower. But all living things grow slowly in this permafrost country where the frozen ground never thaws, even in summer. Stunted trees that look like saplings just a few inches in diameter turn out to be more than 300 years old. Tracks in the ground left by Caterpillar tractors during military maneuvers thirty years ago look as if they were new. Once scarred, the tundra takes decades to heal.

Four environmental groups—the Sierra Club, National Audubon Society, Alaskan Conservation Society and the

Wilderness Society—have intervened before the FPC to oppose the pipeline route. "We are not about to stand by and watch the finest remaining undisturbed part of the Arctic—the Arctic Wildlife Range—go the way of all the rest," says Brock Evans, the Sierra Club's Washington representative.

Consortium executives say they are prepared to do whatever it takes to keep environmental damage to a minimum. The 48-inch pipeline, they say, would be buried and the gas cooled so heat won't disrupt the permafrost. All construction in the wildlife range and in other permafrost areas will be confined to winter months, when the temperature drops to 20 below zero and lower. To avoid defacing the wildlife range with gravel construction roads, the consortium plans to build snow roads to haul in supplies. "We'll even manufacture the snow if we have to," says vice chairman Brackett. (Actually there is relatively little snow on the North Slope, where the climate is arid. Manufacturing snow may turn out to be impractical, and some Arctic specialists warn of the consequences if the consortium has no alternative but to use gravel.)

The consortium so far has spent \$15 million on environmental studies. That includes the cost of an environmental impact study made by the Interior Department, for which the consortium is paying \$3 million. But that is a minuscule sum when compared with the overall estimated cost of \$10 billion. Interior's first draft of the environmental impact statement also set a record, according to officials, at 9,000 pages and seventeen volumes, requiring the assistance of 158 employees. The agency's statement said, in short, that the consortium's preferred route would raise significant environmental problems but that probably most of them could be overcome.

The consortium has a preferred route and several alternatives. Interior considered each of them because it is the agency that decides on right-of-way permits across federal lands. Interior conducted hearings in September in eleven cities, from Alaska to Montana, on the rival pipeline proposals.

The consortium's preferred route would cross more than 1,000 miles of public land, including 150 miles of the national wildlife range. (Interior's environmental study includes only brief remarks on the El Paso route because the company decided against applying to the agency for permits until the FPC proceeding is completed.)

Congress ultimately will have to consider the matter of routes and designate one of them if it decides to authorize the pipeline. From an environmental standpoint, the preferred route is in some ways the worst. It would cut a swath right through the calving grounds of the Porcupine caribou herd, which migrates across the tundra in vast numbers, comparable to the buffalo herds which once roamed the prairie. Interior's environmental statement predicts "possibly catastrophic effects" on the caribou herd, which is down to about 50,000 from more than 80,000 a few years ago. Eskimos depend on the caribou for sustenance.

But the pipeline's impact on caribou is not the only reason why some wildlife specialists oppose it. "The caribou might survive, but an inland pipeline would have a disastrous effect on the wilderness character of the range," says Robert LeResche, chief of habitat protection for the Alaska Department of Fish and Game.

Consortium executives defend their choice of an inland route on the ground that it would keep construction activity to a minimum in waterfowl nesting areas along the coast. But the consortium's chief wildlife consultant, David Roseneau, insists that the most environmentally suitable route would be within a half mile of the coast rather than 20 miles inland. Alaska wildlife officials agree that a coastal route would cause the least disruption, particularly to the caribou.

Routing the pipeline along a mountainous corridor south of the range—an alternative the Interior Department prefers—would cost \$600 million more than the preferred route and cause even greater environmental damage, consortium executives say. This mountainous route would cut through forested regions which are habitat for grizzlies, wolves, moose, mountain sheep, eagles, falcons and other threatened wildlife.

Rep. Morris Udall, the environmentally minded Arizonan, has introduced legislation in behalf of several national conservation groups to expand the wildlife range and designate roughly 10,000 square miles as wilderness, which would place the region off-limits to the pipeline. This measure, in effect, would require the consortium to route the line from Prudhoe Bay south to Fairbanks, then east along the Alaska-Canadian Highway through Alberta. Consortium executives say this southern route would add \$2.5 billion to the pipeline cost, an increase that might doom the project.

Apart from the disruptive impact of a pipeline that will have jet-engine-like compressor stations at regular intervals, the most disturbing aspect of the consortium's attempt to thread a pipeline through the Arctic range is that doing so could pave the way for parallel oil and gas lines from Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4. Exploratory drilling is underway at the reserve, a vast area covering more than 20,000 square miles west of Prudhoe Bay. In addition, the oil industry is eager to begin oil and gas development in the wildlife range itself. Industry geologists believe the range may contain more oil and gas than the giant field at Prudhoe Bay.

Faced with the specter of growing dependence on imported oil and gas, it seems to me that a wiser and more rational approach to meeting the nation's energy needs would be through conservation. Consider how much less energy per capita other nations use. Such relatively straightforward steps as changing utility rate structures to discourage large industrial use of gas and encouraging the recycling of scarce materials would save substantial amounts of fuel. But with the oil and gas industry receiving new incentives at every turn from the Ford administration, reversing this mindless drill-America-first policy will not be easy. Everyone assumes the gas pipeline will be built. The question is which route will it take, how fast, and at what cost to the consumer? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

'A Good, Brave and Stubborn Man'

CESAR CHAVEZ: Autobiography of La Causa. By Jacques E. Levy. W.W. Norton and Co. 546 pp. \$12.95.

CHAVEZ AND THE FARM WORKERS. By Ronald B. Taylor. Beacon Press. 352 pp. \$10.

LONG ROAD TO DELANO. By Sam Kushner. International Publishing Co. 288 pp. \$7.95. Paper \$2.95.

BARBARA L. BAER

Two of these recent books on the United Farm Workers, Jacques Levy's *Cesar Chavez: Autobiography of La Causa* and Ronald Taylor's *Chavez and the Farm Workers*, are as up to date about the union and its leadership as bound print can be. Taylor and Levy both have final chapters covering events as recent as last spring's round of hot-line calls between Gov. Jerry Brown and key people involved in drafting California's historic Agricultural Labor Relations Bill. The bill, passed with a big majority in the California legislature last June, called for farm workers to cast secret ballots, wherever a majority of workers petitioned for union representation.

Those elections on peak-season ranches are still taking place up and down California. On some ranches, they have been fair. On others there have been serious breaches of pre-election legal procedures; preventing UFW organizers access to workers on Teamster-held ranches is only one example. According to a recent count, Teamsters and UFW have nearly the same number of victories.

Ronald Taylor didn't need a crystal ball to conclude his final chapter, six months ago, with one of the major and still unresolved threats to fair elections:

Without laws restricting the flow of aliens north from Mexico—laws that impose criminal penalties on the employers of illegal aliens—the farm workers will remain powerless, the UFWA will remain a band of guerrilla fighters reacting to the great conspiracies hurled against them.

The new law, and the elections into which the UFW plunged its last resources—Chavez once again went on the march, this time covering 1,000 miles of California's coast and inland valleys—won't work unless there is strong enforcement

Barbara Baer is a free-lance writer living in California.

of its rules, and restrictions on aliens, as Taylor rightly noted. Elections at the giant Giumarra ranches (in Lamont and Delano) seem to have swung to the Teamsters in large part because the growers and their "alternative union," the International Brotherhood, brought in unorganized, frightened Mexicans and put them down on work lists at the last moment before voting. Immigrants at Giumarra who had been organized by the UFW were threatened with the *migra*—deportation—if they showed up at the polls. The UFW is challenging results at Giumarra.

"We stand to be worse off than before the elections," Chavez said bitterly on the sultry afternoon that votes were being counted at Gallo's Livingston ranch near Modesto. Gallo's results are impounded at the moment, awaiting a decision on the status of the economic strikers. The UFW will win at Gallo if the 120 strikers' votes are counted, and Gallo's forty personnel votes are voided. But the union faces costly trials, and wearing down the UFW has long been a grower tactic.

The three books before us are able to "predict" future problems for the UFW because they have sifted out events from the past. In the decade since Chavez began organizing farm workers in Delano—and behind Chavez, there is a half-century of failed strikes—the major forces in the struggle have been polarized but not changed very much. Each book helps us to understand why the farm workers continue to fight; each study also shows us why there is no simple way to beat the landowners. The battle is far from over—these books are not definitive texts but signposts along the way.

Mr. Taylor begins *Chavez and the Farm Workers* with a technique used by Thornton Wilder in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. A group of migrant workers assemble in the early morning hours of January 1974 at "the hole" in Calexico to take the bus of the labor contractor, Jesus Ayala, to work in the California fields. We become familiar for a brief moment with the lives of several individuals getting on the bus—two teenage sisters, the driver, an old man with many children. The story is real life, not fiction, and these people, along with more than a dozen others, were doomed to die in the bus, which plunged off a

foggy road into a ditch, drowning them in 28 inches of water.

Taylor not only brings to life the "little men" involved in the UFW's saga of exploitation and revolt but he makes very clear how the union works at an organizational level both in California and among black field workers at Cocoa in Florida. We see what happens when the contracts have to be administered. Taylor doesn't slide over the problems involved in running a democratic, penniless and beleaguered union. For instance, he shows how the hiring hall, the cornerstone the UFW insists on if the grower-labor contractor connection is ever to be broken, has a long way to go before becoming efficient. Taylor has the courage to explore complaints often made off the record by the UFW's best organizers and strongest supporters. The hiring hall, in many instances, has been run so inefficiently that it has defeated its purpose. It has often been inefficient because there were too few trained people to run it; and there were too few people because the UFW, always in crisis, needed its best organizers in the field. When the UFW was winning the grape contracts in 1973, for example (and with them, tens of thousands of workers' hours to administer), it was losing its lettuce contracts in Salinas. Instead of keeping its best organizers at home to administer contracts, the union sent them out on strike lines or to work on the boycott.

Taylor explains setbacks and dissension in the union—Larry Itliong's resignation, for one—with understanding. Without attacking the UFW in any way, nor weakening it by his criticism, he records its mistakes so that they can be avoided in the future. The UFW needs friends willing to risk friendship by not giving total approbation to the union's every action.

About Chavez himself, Taylor can reach no real conclusion: he sees a good, brave and stubborn man in the UFW president. He finds that Chavez is made up of contrary impulses: longing for efficiency and practicing a kind of Zen instruction with his fellow workers that is inefficient; a man who is above all mobile and yet longs for rest, for stability; one who is aggressive and yet non-violent:

He is a guerrilla leader, in the tradition of Zapata, who has adapted the aggressive nonviolent philosophies of

Gandhi to the farm worker cause.

For readers willing to be critical if the facts call for criticism, Taylor has the documentation to back up his analyses. This book is also a rich source of information about practical detail such as the growers' political connections or feuds in labor's inner circles. About the latter, and its relation to the UFW, Taylor writes: "The farm workers' cause was too different, too disorganized, too ethnic and uncouth, too wrapped up in the mysticism of Mexico and Mexican Catholicism," for men like Meany and Fitzsimmons, Catholics themselves, to accept. "Men like Meany and Fitzsimmons are from *organized* labor, where the emphasis is on structure and formalized conduct."

Six years went into the making of *Cesar Chavez: Autobiography of La Causa*. Jacques Levy accompanied Chavez with a notebook and tape recorder everywhere the UFW leader went. Levy's perspective, and his role as Boswell to Chavez's Johnson, is very different from Taylor's sympathetic but critical overview. Levy's Chavez emerges as an untarnished figure, an integrated personality, a "positive hero" of a cause beyond reproach.

Levy's approach yields a mine of well-edited, exceptionally interesting and intimate oral history. And Levy isn't finished yet: he, too, was out at Gallo during the elections writing his "final chapter" for a later edition.

Levy arranges his book in lively, almost cinematic sections. Each chapter begins with a tape-recorded section, "Chavez Recalls"—childhood, youth, first political activities, UFW events—which is complemented by recollections of relatives, friends, associates and even enemies of the UFW. Levy adds valuable descriptions from his own notebook of events. Because Chavez's own eye for detail is vivid, the chronicle of his early life is absorbing reading:

We were very small, and the horses were very tall. We would struggle with the awkward heavy harness, leaving it up on a pole fence. Then I would balance myself straddling the top bar and fit the collar on the horse while Richard helped from the ground, pushing and tugging. My dad was very strict about putting the right collar on the right horse and making sure the straps wouldn't chafe. If they did, he would apply chewing tobacco to the bruised flesh. . . .

The Chavez family was thrown off their farm in Arizona and began the drifting, violent life of migrant laborers in the late 1930s. Chavez desperately longed for his stable past, hating the humiliating position he and his family

had to endure beneath a labor contractor who was invariably racist. Only the generosity and nonviolent wisdom of his mother, Juana Chavez, kept the young man from developing a lifelong and devouring hate of his white exploiters. Chavez still yearns to settle down, though he no longer dreams of a single home for his family but of some kind of farm workers' commune where all will share the fruits of their struggle.

Land ownership is very important, and my dad had very strong feelings about the land. If we had stayed there, possibly I would have been a grower. God writes in exceedingly crooked lines.

Almost everywhere in the biography, Chavez's words best describe his own qualities; the meditative, religious side that has all the time in the world to reach and bring others to salvation; the hard-pressed labor leader who has to think on his feet against overwhelming odds. As Chavez is quoted as remarking, "I said that our job was not to get discouraged if we went up like a wave and then came down, that at the point that we came down, we would stand with whatever we had left."

In the section called "New Fields, Old Enemies," Levy tells the story surrounding the Teamsters' entry into the Salinas lettuce fields in 1973. It could well have been titled, "The Lettuce Connection." Against a background of motels and all-night cafés and strikes, the high relief in which the characters stand out is truly fascinating. There is the AFL-CIO organizer, Bill Kirchner, the embattled mediator, Monsignor George Higgins, the UFW's legal counsel, Jerry Cohen, who with Levy gets bashed in the head by goons. In the same way the "see-it-now" technique gives you a feeling of being present in the Governor's offices as Jerry Brown and Leroy Chatfield (Brown's assistant and a UFW supporter and organizer) lined up support for the agricultural bill that led to this season's elections.

Long Road to Delano takes a circuitous route through the past to the present. Sam Kushner, a familiar bearded and pipe-smoking reporter from *People's World*, must have figured he had all the time he needed to arrive in the 1970s. Unfortunately, the book provides relatively little new information because when Kushner does reach the present, he rushes through it so fast that his writing needs full-scale editing. What he does give us is a good historical perspective, from the origins of the practice of importing cheap labor that shaped California's agricultural patterns to the bracero program. Kushner traces radical organizing from the Wobblies through

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the Communist Party's role in strikes to demonstrate how the busting of one union never was the death of the cause; the seeds of the new movement were always provided by the workers' conditions—that is, in their hardships, and eventually in their consciousness. There is a good description of Delano—its growers, shopkeepers, workers and “agitators”—about the time of the 1965 strike.

Kushner, because he has a profound faith in the working class, and even in its middle echelons who organize labor, at first read the Teamsters' entry into farm organizing as a positive move. By contrast, Ronald Taylor, altogether less theoretical and more accurate in his predictions here as elsewhere, saw the giant union's involvement as being self-inter-

ested and menacing from the beginning.

Kushner's book falls far below Taylor's and Levy's because he provides so little current information, and because it is not as well organized as a study. All three books would benefit by having a calendar of events somewhere in their pages to which the reader could refer. And although each of the new books is useful, one is especially so: although Jacques Levy's biography of Chavez has unforgettable descriptive passages and fine photographs, Ronald Taylor has succeeded in a more difficult task, for while he tells us a great deal from a sympathetic insider's point of view, he allows you to see the United Farm Workers and Cesar Chavez with some objectivity, leaving room for one's own critical analysis. □

Counteracting the Betrayal

DEMOCRACY AND POETRY. By Robert Penn Warren. Harvard University Press. 102 pp. \$5.95.

M.L. ROSENTHAL

Robert Penn Warren's new book, *Democracy and Poetry*, is based on his 1974 Jefferson Lecture, given under the auspices of the National Foundation for the Humanities. It professes to “explore the necessary connection between poetry and our basic notion of democracy—American democracy.” More specifically, “I review our ‘poetry’ here as a criticism—often a corrosive criticism—of our actual achievement over the years in democracy.”

The reason Mr. Warren puts “poetry” in quotation marks is that he is self-conscious about the fact that he is hardly talking about poetry in the usual sense at all. He is really talking about politics and literature in general, and—though he refers to no very recent novels—his most developed examples are from American fiction, especially certain works by Cooper, Clemens and Dreiser. These furnish handy instances for comment on his chief preoccupation: what has happened to the American, and Protestant, ideal of the self in the course of our history. In its best Jeffersonian meaning, as interpreted by Mr. Warren, the self would be manifest “in individuation, the felt principle of significant unity,” and would derive its significance from “two things: continuity—the self as a development in time, with a past and a future; and responsibility—

the self as a moral identity, recognizing itself as capable of action worthy of praise or blame.”

Mr. Warren agrees with most of us, at least in certain of our moods, that the individualism implicit in this conception is the bright particular jewel of our tradition. He agrees, too, that the jewel grows more and more tarnished and eroded as mass production, technological change and “human engineering” reduce the hardy, self-reliant American to a mere consumer of goods and recipient of contrived information. The shallowest kind of leveling and an ignorant discounting of the past become synonyms for egalitarian democracy. The clear solution, which Mr. Warren naturally sees, is that democratic individualism, like religious faith, cannot be taken for granted; it must be forever rediscovered and worked for, despite the recurrent self-betrayal of sinful, hypocritical human nature. And herein lies the great political role of poetry—that is, of literature and art in general, for Mr. Warren uses the word “poetry” in the Aristotelian sense. That role is to subvert and counteract the betrayal: “the poetic act, whatever the context, represents an assertion of the self.” Like the Christianity of the Puritans, it is at once “critical” and “therapeutic.”

So poetry comes to the rescue, in the climactic pages of the book, like the French Army at the end of Poe's “The Pit and the Pendulum.” In presenting this familiar yet reassuring set of arguments, Mr. Warren is engagingly self-deprecative and serious at the same time. Catholic in his intellectual interests, he

marshals his arguments about political grace, free will, original sin, and redemption in relatively current language and holds up salvation through aesthetic transcendence as a genuine if elusive promise. The thinking is sometimes a bit repetitious but comes from a well-stocked, well-read mind and a generous, open personality. If the comments on recent political history might sometimes have been made by Eric Severeid, what matter? The positions are basically enlightened and sound. Eric Severeid might well have said (off-camera) what Mr. Warren says about Vietnam: “we got the be-Jesus kicked out of us in the jungles of Asia.” And that's true, isn't it?

One should, I suppose, let the matter rest here—that this is a good, nobly inspired book, far more intelligent and specific in many ways than most officially sponsored lectures. Still, at the risk of carping, let me express a certain dissatisfaction. It was not, of course, the author's intention to do so, but I wish he had centered his argument on poetry in the narrower, more usual meaning of the word. I do think it was a mistake to use the word in his title, simply because of the expectations it very properly arouses. There are in fact only eleven extremely short quotations of poetry in the book. One consists of a single line, five of two lines each, two of three lines, two of four lines, and one of six lines. These tiny passages appear more because they illustrate points the author is making than because they are distinguished verse or reveal the nature of democratic sensibility—let alone because they suggest how the circumstances of democracy put their stamp on the form and language of poetry. Indeed the two best passages (two lines each by Baudelaire and Yeats) are actually misquoted. Yet when he does linger, however briefly and inadequately, over a passage, Mr. Warren comes up with something like a discovery and shows what a lovely book this might have been:

Melville was the first American writer to sniff the dead rat behind the baseboard. He, one of the old breed of giants from before the flood, had dreamed the heroic lineaments of Ahab. . . . But now, though a good Unionist, Melville harbored the uneasy suspicion that the Civil War might have deeper and more ambiguous meanings than officially appeared. In the poem “The Conflict of Convictions,” in *Battle-Pieces* (1866), his poetic interpretation of the war, Melville predicted that with the victory of federal arms and of “Right,”

Power unanointed may come—
Dominion (unsought by the free)
And the Iron Dome,
Stronger for stress and strain,

M.L. Rosenthal's most recent book is *Poetry and the Common Life* (Oxford University Press).

*Fling her huge shadow athwart the
main;
But the Founders' dream shall flee.*

History, in other words "spins against the way it drives." Even Whitman was beginning to find this out. . . .

The striking point Mr. Warren makes here coincides in its irony with Melville's panicked realization and is therefore brilliantly illuminated by the quotation. But (to suggest just one further thought among many) Melville's lines also project the terror and confusion of a people flung into events beyond their will or control. The poem gives voice to the awareness of a people, and democratic awareness means a good deal more than the admittedly important virtue of sturdily intelligent self-regard. It means, for instance, a sense of suffering and of the complex subtleties of ordinary human existence—as evidenced in the very tone of the Melville passage: at once naive, wise and appalled; prophetic, Biblical, yet deeply insecure. Even the variations in line length add a colloquial tinge to the otherwise incantatory phrasing. I wish Mr. Warren had studied his book with such quotations and had plunged into them like the explorer he promised at the start to be and that we know he can be.

I wish too—it is really another side of the same wish—that he had given us more discussion of the kind relegated to the long footnote on pages 64-65. There we find a most interesting digression on Raymond Williams's contention, in *Culture and Society*, that—in Mr. Warren's paraphrase—"the sense of unreality in the 'mass' . . . springs from an unconscious elitism or class pride, or simply from a failure in humane imagination." The issue thus joined leads to the beginnings of a fine analysis of the kinds of alienation felt in certain poems by Baudelaire and Eliot. We are at once turned toward the realities of the poems and of actual human experience and away from set rhetorical positions. And while I am wishing, quite unfairly, that Mr. Warren had done things he had no intention of doing, I wish he had assailed the current nonsense about "elitist" art head-on. The constant nourishment, "democratic" if you will, of the most developed art by common experience and feeling is after all an overriding theme of much great poetry—a phenomenon to which the word "elitism" is plainly irrelevant. This fact is perhaps hinted at in Mr. Warren's comments on Swift's "A City Shower" and on ancient Greek literature, but needs explicit emphasis at this moment.

One more wish—that at least some attention had been paid to literature of the past few decades. So much of our most recent fiction and even more of the poetry precisely meets the arguments

of one of Mr. Warren's most eloquent passages that his ignoring all of it seems downright willful. He writes:

As both Rilke and Yeats have put it, the making of a work represents a plunge into the "abyss of the self." And once the work is made, the reader, insofar as he gives himself to it, takes a plunge, too—the plunge to explore the possibilities of his own "abyss." In the complexity of this whole situation we find, then, echo upon echo, or mirror

facing mirror. But in the end, as Henri Bergson once said, the work returns us—the readers, the spectators—"into our own presence." It wakes us up to our own life.

True, absolutely. What, then, are the works to be read? In what ways do they mirror us and we mirror them? Perhaps Mr. Warren will one day, out of the fullness of his own experience as poet, novelist and reader, bring us the ardently desired news. □

Rubbing Along in America

SUBSISTENCE U.S.A. Text by Carol Hill. Photographs by Bruce Davidson. A Subsistence Press Book: Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 192 pp. \$12.95.

ROY BONGARTZ

Subsistence U.S.A. is a fascinating book for a number of reasons, in spite of the fact that it is an "idea" book whose big overall concept gets lost somewhere among the photographs and taped conversations of the ten loners or odd couples it presents. The idea is still another attempt to get closer to the real thing—actual life lived by people you can see and hear word-for-word—on tape and in a naturalistic style of photography, with wrinkles, rusty plumbing and empty beer cans in; foreground fronds and other traditional picturesqueness out.

Carol Hill, a novelist and critic, goes about her task first by describing each scene and the characters in it before letting the tapes speak for themselves. She is pretty good at this, bringing across the particulars of the various lives she has found for us, and keeping at bay the sentimentality that threatens any project involving a portrayal of country folk or self-sustaining citizens or old-timers or individualists in the United States. The trouble is that many of the subjects themselves see life through fogs of old hopes or worn-out romanticism, so that often a reader feels the actual life is still hidden from him, as maybe it also is hidden from those who are living it.

The purpose of the tapes and pictures is to out-wrath *The Grapes of Wrath*, to rise above the arbitrariness of the fiction writer or the personality of the personal journalist by handing over the mike to

Roy Bongartz is the author of *Twelve Chases* on West 99th Street (Houghton Mifflin). A *Nation* contributor for many years, he is completing a book on the small towns of America.

the subjects themselves and, supposedly, getting the author clear out of the way. But the presence of the author is felt anyway even though her questioning has been edited out of the tapes, and of course the presence of the photographer is sharply felt, too, as it should be. So as an experiment in a long line of innovations intended to grab the heart of America and bring it to us on a printed page, the book does not make history.

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But there is a lot of excellent material in it.

The trouble that Hill and Davidson had with the concept of subsistence was that nobody quite fit into it properly. Says Carol Hill:

In the course of a year and a half of work on the book, we experienced this word in constant, and sometimes tortuous, evolution. Each time we discovered someone who, we thought, should be a part of this book, we found we had to expand or revise our definition of what its subject was. Subsistence came to include principles of survival, originality, wholeness, and independence. We also discovered that often, the more difficulty we had deciding what people were, the more they belonged in this volume.

At last the principle of *endurance* became central, but there remained the question of whether or not to include people subsisting on minimum levels out of choice, like George Orwell wallowing in the slums in *Down and Out in Paris and London* (when he could always have stepped neatly back into bourgeois society the next day if he'd wanted to). Finally two Orwellian-hippie scenes were included, but it's really not the philosophies and concepts that count here anyway—it's the glimpses of the real people we're given.

Eric and Sara Willoby tell how they've "beat out the Central Maine Power Company" with a windmill-operated generator outside their farmhouse in Baxter, Maine. The cameo-like precision of the photographs here—a plain farm kitchen with a wood-burning cookstove, stooped figures harvesting squash by a rustic wheelbarrow—gives a Victorian, tintype air to the views. Russell Hayes is a welder in Cape Neddick, Maine, who says, "Sex is all you live for. Man is put on this earth to impregnate every woman he meets. That is his ultimate motive. Woman wants security, so she wants to get one and pin him, imprison him." Further along, Hayes recalls, "I was not allowed to look, as a child growing up, as a boy, at a clothesline with women's clothes on it. You imagine that? I was not allowed to see the pages of women's clothes in the Sears Roebuck catalogue."

Younger subsisters populate the woods of Canyon, Calif., near Berkeley, where Harry James, who lives in a shack on stilts with a girl named Nancy, says, "Well, you could actually, if we had to, live on no money for quite a while. We have. You know, a lotta times. Because you don't pay rent, the water comes out of the ground, because it's a very rich area, brimming over with garbage." Says a friend named Carl,

"See, the garbage, it's really not like garbage. It's really pretty decent vegetables and stuff. Get it in the back where they throw it out, the Safeway garbage, you know, big industrial market garbage. It's around. We live off it for a very long time." The pictures here capture the lackadaisical skin contact that passes for afternoon entertainment in this corner of Subsistenceland: James and his girl entwined awkwardly and innocently naked in an old-fashioned, outdoor bathtub. Carl adds this advice for winter especially: "Actually, you wanna live subsistently, the first thing you're gonna do is take what you're used to living in and cut it at least ten times to the size you can keep it warm. All

you can really do with your own body temperature heat a very small place."

In Daufuskie Island, S.C., some old black people describe life on \$25 a week along a shore where pollution has killed off the oystering, and in Indian Island, Maine, a Penobscot named Eugenia Thompson talks of Indian identity and then warms to another subject: "To me the ideal is to be able to find sexual pleasure in life in general, sex meaning an attraction a person has for his own sex or an opposite sex, I think, at each age and any time. Now maybe at the age of 80, you know, I'll still have cravings for somebody else who is 80." (By her picture Eugenia is in her 20s.) In Sacramento, Charlie Fitz-

IN MY FATHER'S TOWER

Pickled brains in the cellar!

True:

My father the doctor kept them,

Real ones, human

Quivering like sponges,

Old cantaloupe rinds

Floating in a tan crock.

Sneaking my ten year old looks at them

I thought they were someone's lost soul,

I thought brains were everything.

All night, terrified,

I laid my head down in them like an old bathing cap,

I wore them like water wings when I studied math.

The King my father had pickled them and hid them:

I knew how important they were.

Wearing scholastic letters they stalked my dreams,

But billing them as all powerful

As bat droppings, magic fingers,

Dangerous skunk cabbage

I showed them off to my friends,

I swore by them and earned everyone's praise

And then languished for twelve years

In my father's tower

Living on dead brains

Until you came, my athlete

My dear with a dumb kiss

And now farewell to the cellar:

Cabbage head's a flower

Wetter than any mouth,

Dearer than mind to me

And richer, ranker, growing

Like a golden egg from my forehead,

Like a live red soul from my shoulders.

Patricia Goedicke

gerald, 86, talks about the years he spent in prison. "I done some thir-teen years in Montana, then I done forty-five years and seven months in Folsom," he says. Carol Hill asks him, "What did you think about most of the time?" "Getting out," he says.

Steve Edwards, a college dropout who makes a sort of vocation of hitchhiking, is interviewed at his parents' farm in Montpelier, Vt. He tells of a driver who took him from upstate New York to Alabama: "I made up this whole-wheat spread and a turkey sandwich, and I gave him one. And I learned something with that guy: that is, I used to carry a hunting knife to cut bread with, but I don't do that anymore, because you don't want to get hit for a concealed weapon, and also it scares the hell out of a lot of people when you cut bread off with a big knife. So now I used a jackknife. I used to have a Boy Scout jackknife. That's also public relations. You're less likely to get busted. Because when the policeman—you know, like I've got my hands on the car and then I say, 'There's a Boy Scout jackknife in my left pocket,' and the policeman, in his mind, conjures up, you know, thousands of little boys, goodies, you know."

In San Antonio the subject is a real hobo, Steve Gorman, who complains he can't open the doors on modern box-cars: "The only place you got now is an empty coal car or a flat car with the sides on it to ship steel. Or get in the back unit of the diesel. Everything's changed. You're livin' in a new world." The everlasting dream is close to the surface here, bleak reality contrasting with pretended wonders of warmth and love: "The only bad habit I got—I'm gonna tell you straight from the shoulder—I'm gettin' so old now it don't bother me like it used to: when I was young, romance, whew! I couldn't get enough of it. Two or three times a day if I could get it." The stark loneliness of a photo of Gorman undressing for bed in a flophouse room is chilling. Loneliness also lurks around Chico Brown, a paroled narcotics convict in Plainfield, N.J., even though there are eleven brothers and sisters in his house: "I can't dig cooped up, bein'n that house. It's not my thing, bein'n house, just sitting out watchin' television, readin' a newspaper, listenin' to the radio, to the record player. I can do that shit in the street. I can listen to radio, walk up and down the street, talk to anybody I want." Here the tape does capture the rhythms of the spoken voice, as sporadically, throughout this book, you hit a patch of real talking, and you think, yes, that's just exactly what he said,

that's just what he sounded like.

The account of their daily life by a shy middle-aged couple who trap small animals for a living in the mountain country near Marble, Colo., is given sad immediacy by a footnote that Charlie Orlosky died a few months after he and his wife described their placid life-long isolation, and there is a sharp moment where you wonder, what can Marjorie Orlosky possibly be doing up there now, by herself? before you turn the page, and close the book. What you realize later is that the people have come through with surprising frequency and force, that you do not forget them.

There's no conclusion to be drawn from them, the supposed "subsistence" being on so many different levels, physical and mental, nor are they heroic—they are all on a very ordinary human scale. But they stay with you strongly, and you find yourself returning to the book to open it and say hello to one or another of them, to Charlie Fitzgerald, for instance, the old jailbird. At the end of his interview, Charlie sums it up for everybody in this book: "They took me over to one of these cottages over here. Gonna rent one of 'em, Senior Citizens. Live the rest of my life in peace. Hurray for me." □

Between Art and Politics

PART OF A LIFETIME. By Milovan Djilas. Edited by Michael and Deborah Milenkovich. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 442 pp. \$15.

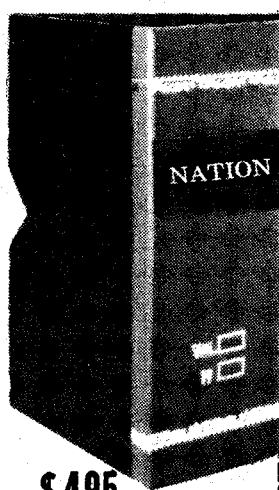
IVAN SANDERS

Though he has come to distrust all ideologies, Milovan Djilas is one of the few genuine revolutionaries of our time. The Yugoslav political dissenter knew only too well that ideals could easily ossify into dogma, and was therefore anxious to maintain his oppositionist stance and avoid the bane of most successful revolutionists—complacency. Djilas's quick recognition of the pitfalls of power might

be attributable, among other things, to his artistic sensibility; he remained, even at the zenith of his political career, a writer, which enabled him to place political acts in a human context, and view personalities and events from a distance, with detachment. Being both activist and artist also created problems for Djilas; "to write or to fight" was always his great dilemma. "I have been torn all my life between art and politics, as if I had two natures in me," he notes in his "Jail Diary," and goes on to characterize this conflict as "a fluctuation between the tendency to create and the wish to apply creation to reality."

During the years when he was a leading member of the Yugoslav Government, most of his writings were political in nature, yet he never totally neglected literature. One of the virtues of *Parts of*

Ivan Sanders is a regular contributor to Books Abroad, for which he writes articles and reviews on East European literature.



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a *Lifetime*, an expertly edited collection of Djilas's political, biographical and belletristic writings, is that it documents with diagrammatic clarity the changes in the author's thinking on both politics and art. To Djilas there is no shame in changing one's mind; he is interested in capturing the essence of the moment and may well believe that the yearning for "eternal truths" is a romantic posture. Thus, in a hostile article on surrealism, written in 1937, Djilas claims that "to create the content of an artistic work means to establish social truths," but two decades later he reaches the conclusion that "art is indifferent toward morality." Similarly, in his orthodox Marxist phase he believed that "every kind of religious-humanitarian opposition to war as a phenomenon isolated from the system that produces it is not only an ineffective weapon against the danger of war but, on the contrary, a special form of war propaganda"; yet, years later, in his diary he rejects all wars on thoroughly apolitical grounds, and is even reluctant to discuss the causes of the First and Second World Wars, for "such an attempt leads to the dogmatism of just and unjust wars. . . ."

Djilas's changing feelings about Stalin can also be traced in the pages of this book; in fact here we witness the most spectacular turnabout. In 1944, after his first meeting with Stalin, Djilas saw the Soviet leader as "an unsurpassable, magnificent genius of our time." In his celebrated book, *Conversations with Stalin*, the dictator becomes a "dark, cunning, and cruel individual." In all fairness to Djilas it should be pointed out that even in that naively adulatory first appraisal he remains the observant writer, noting—ever so politely of course—Stalin's "lower medium stature" and "long legs." (He was later asked by a "Soviet representative" to delete such details from future editions of his article.) In recent years Djilas has tried to come to grips with the Russian ruler's lingering influence. "The ghost of Stalin will circle the earth for a long time to come," he writes. "Almost everyone renounced his legacy, but many still draw their strength from him. . . . And I even have to ask myself: Isn't thinking about Stalin in itself a sign that he has left his mark on me?"

Milovan Djilas may have repudiated ideology, but he still believes in ideas. "Men cannot live without ideas," he maintains, "for ideas are the means of orientation in a given reality. . . ." He finds that even in his post-Marxist literary work he is unable to "evade ideas" completely. "Obviously there is within me no artistic flexibility without reflective

clarity, without meaning, without ideas." It was because he tried to preserve the integrity of his ideas that Djilas clashed with his comrades. Not that he was ever a starry-eyed idealist who couldn't accept reality; on the contrary, he believed that new social systems must be infinitely adaptable, for if they were allowed to harden, they could produce greater evils than the ones they had eradicated. In one of his most recent essays, Djilas expresses the profoundly progressive, although from the Marxist point of view clearly heretical, notion that "man, society and nation are not created according to any law, but grow out of the infinity of manifold conditions and human endeavors."

Nevertheless, in reading *Parts of a Lifetime* one gets the impression that Djilas was relieved as much as saddened by his fall from power. In a remarkable essay entitled "Nordic Dream," written shortly after he was dismissed from his government posts, and published for the first time in this volume, he proves himself to be a born intellectual rather than a born leader. What hurt him most during his first public trial was that his theoretical pronouncements were labeled "shallow and unscientific," and his plans for reform dismissed as "'petty bourgeois,' that is, common and average." Elsewhere in the book Djilas talks of power as "the most terrible human passion—even within me, despite the fact that I was indifferent toward it while in

power." What's more, in his "Jail Diary," which he kept for almost ten years and which, he says, helped him stay sane, he often refers to the benefits of a solitary, reflective existence. "Sometimes I feel freer than ever before in my life," reads one brief entry; "my thought is free, my conscience at peace." Djilas also realizes that even after repeated censures and imprisonments he cannot help being what he is—a rebel. "I was and I will remain a malcontent within Communism. Perhaps that circle has no exit. But I do not wish to exit from it, since outside of it I would be nothing, just as I would be nothing if I renounced my nonconformism."

Parts of a Lifetime is a rich, instructive collection, although as an introduction to Djilas's writings it is also somewhat disappointing, since excerpts from his most important works (*The New Class*, *The Unperfect Society*) are unusually brief. But then again, Djilas, for all his analytical bent, is not a systematic, or always original, thinker. Some of his observations are, in fact, quite conventional—great works of literature are invariably "deep"; Kennedy in 1960 is "young, wise, handsome, rational," etc. What one admires most in Djilas—and what this volume amply illustrates—is his enduring faith in the human spirit. Djilas doesn't believe in a perfect society, but he does believe in man. "There is something infinitely resistant in human nature," he writes in the lyrical "Nordic Dream." "Man is harder than rock." □

Letter from Colombia

HANS EH RMANN

Bogotá

"*A la orden*"—at your service—is the standard phrase when you enter a shop here, and, whether you buy or not, another "*a la orden*" sees you out. People in Bogotá are very polite on that surface level that is the stock in trade when dealing with tourists. If you look at life in terms of dollars and cents, you'll be surprised that a gallon of high test costs an incredible 16 cents, that a 90-block taxi drive comes to 35 cents (and no tip), that meals at restaurants are proportionately cheap. Of course, your perspective would change with a bang were you to earn an average salary in Colombian pesos; you would not own a car in the first place, and taxis would

by no means seem such a bargain.

Late at night, a friend drives you downtown from the elegant Chocó district. He drives through a couple of red lights; careless, you think, or in a hurry. By the time he speeds through a few more, he senses your dismay and explains: "If you stop at a red light at this time of night you stand a fair chance of being mugged. Windows up, doors locked and full speed ahead is the safest policy."

Violence, in one shape or another, is always just around the corner, and social unrest is a fact of life. It makes little difference whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power. According to local wits the main difference between the parties is that Liberals go to mass at eleven o'clock and Conservatives at noon. This Tweedledum and Tweedledee syndrome has not prevented them from feuding almost to the point of civil war. And, without going too far back in

Hans Ehrmann is a Chilean writer and journalist.

Colombian history, you come across the long-time dictator Rojas Pinilla.

All is relatively quiet right now, but if you put your ear to the ground you can hear the rumblings. And sure enough, soon after I leave, a university president is dismissed, there are student rebellions, outbreaks of guerrilla warfare. The government reacts by decreeing a state of siege and the future is uncertain.

Gabriel García Márquez is not in Colombia, but his strongly leftist magazine *Alternativa* is on every newsstand, and his new novel, *El Otoño del Patriarca* (*The Autumn of the Patriarch*) fills the windows of every bookstore in town. Although expensive, at almost \$6 for the paperback edition published in Spain, it becomes an immediate best-seller.

Colombians tend to have mixed feelings about García Márquez, particularly if they are Establishment-oriented. They love his books and especially the international prestige they bring to the country; at the same time, they hate his politics. "Such a marvelous writer," says a well-heeled gentleman. "Such a pity

he can't keep politics out of his writing."

The *Patriarch* will only intensify those feelings, for it is the scathing anatomy of a dictator, a brilliant study of the abuses and the loneliness of absolute power. Comparisons with *A Hundred Years of Solitude* are beside the point; the two books are entirely different—a result that did not come easily.

García Márquez spent seven years (1968-75) working on the *Patriarch*. When he began, he realized he was writing in the same vein as in *A Hundred Years of Solitude*. So he suspended work on that book and started writing stories for children. To him, he said in a 1971 interview, they were like finger exercises on the piano, a way of finding a style for his new book. When he had written the fifth story, he said to himself, "This is it."

The result: 271 pages, six chapters, one paragraph per chapter, few periods. A stylistic tour de force in which the prose is constantly infiltrated by poetry, in which the obsessive style fits the obsessive subject matter. It is a book destined to be a translator's nightmare, but the reader is carried along, from the tragic to the grotesque, with an infusion

of an often macabre sense of humor.

The language is so rich that at times it becomes cloying, but the long sentences are not obscure; through their endless accumulation of images, they create a striking poem of power and decay. A rampant imagination flows beyond the limits of time with a richness that compresses material that could have been developed in half a dozen books.

Christopher Columbus's three caravels may appear in the harbor behind an old battleship abandoned by the navy, and time may move to-and-fro in the life of the nameless dictator, but behind the personal vision and the luxuriant language lie hard facts and situations that would pass a political scientist's scrutiny. The facts and situations presented amount to an analysis of the mentality and *modus operandi* of a Caribbean dictator during the first half of this century. Some aspects of that portrayal are not limited to that period but are—unfortunately—timeless. As is the sly, ignorant, conniving, ruthless, but at the same time pathetic and lonely main character of García Márquez's book.

"If I had known my son was going to become President," exclaims his mother at a reception for the diplomatic corps, "I would have sent him to school." And the lesson he himself instills in his 6-year-old son is never to give an order unless he can be absolutely certain it will be obeyed.

He is not given to charity but, in a house by the sea, he maintains a home for dethroned dictators. They all arrive at the capital with splendid uniforms over their pajamas, a trunk full of money stolen from the public coffers, a case full of decorations, a scrapbook filled with clippings and an album of photographs which they present at the first audience, as if they were credentials. They are put up at the Presidential Palace and, once the President has fleeced them of every last cent at dominoes, they are sent to the house by the sea, where they can spend the rest of their lives dreaming of a second chance.

There is a national lottery in which the dictator invariably wins first prize. One day they ask him: "What shall we do with the children?" "What children?" he asks. No one has told him that the army locks up the children who draw the winning number, so that people won't find out why he always wins. Not only the children are imprisoned—2,000 of them over the years—but also those parents who protest or rebel. The jails are overflowing, the Pope expresses his concern, the League of Nations sends a committee to investigate.

APRIL 30, 1975

(for Bui Ngoc Huong)

*The evening Nixon called his last troops off,
the church bells tolled across our states.
We leaned on farmhouse porch pilings, our eyes
wandering the lightning bug meadow thick with mist,
and counted tinny peals clanking out
through oaks around the church belltower.
You asked, "Is it peace, or only a bell ringing?"*

*This night the war has finally ended.
My wife and I sit on a littered park bench
sorting out our shared and separate lives
in the dark, in silence, before a quiet pond
where ducks tug slimy papers and bits of soggy bread.
City lights have reddened the bellies of fumed clouds
Like trip flares scorching skies over a city at war.*

*In whooshing traffic at the park's lit edge,
red brake lights streak to sudden halts:
a ski-masked man staggers through lanes,
maced by a girl he tried to mug.
As he crashes to curb under mercury lamps,
a man snakes towards him, wetting lips,
twirling the root of his tongue like a dial.*

*Some kids have burnt a bum on Brooklyn Bridge.
Screaming out of sleep, he flares the causeway.
And the war returns like figures in a dream.
In Vietnam, pagodas chime their bells.
"A Clear Mind spreads like the wind.
By the Lo waterfalls, free and high,
you wash away the dust of life."*

John Balaban

So they finally tell him, and he has the children removed to the country's farthest reaches and then taken out to sea, singing so they won't be frightened. And once the barge load of children is sunk, the three officers in charge are promoted and awarded the Loyalty medal and the next day they are shot, for dead men tell no tales.

When the Marines occupy the country, they give the dictator an electric chair to replace the barbaric custom of drawing and quartering. To find out how it works, his men practice on political prisoners, but the machine draws on the city's entire voltage, and you know the time of the mortal experiments because the lights go out all over town.

And when the dictator is broke, the American Ambassador says that "this country is not worth a dime except for the sea." So the dictator sells the ocean, and they come and suck it up with gigantic dredges, leaving a big crater behind. To make up for the loss, the Ambassador gives him a wind machine that provides pleasant ocean breezes.

Episodes like these come by the dozen throughout García Márquez's book. The dictator may become a decrepit old man, pattering through his decaying palace full of cows and concubines, but he still knows how to play his minions off against one another. His death will be the end of an epoch: throughout, García Márquez suggests seething and constantly repressed unrest beneath the political surface. Portugal may be just around the corner.

A Hundred Years of Solitude is a novel so personal that it stands by itself. *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, although equally personal in style and structure, is different. It must be viewed in the context of what is rapidly becoming a major genre in Latin American literature: the anatomy of dictatorship.* And, in due time, it will no doubt be analyzed in that context. □

* Among the novels in this genre: *El Señor Presidente*, by Miguel Ángel Asturias (Guatemala); *El Recurso del Método*, by Alejo Carpentier (Cuba); *Yo el Supremo*, by Leopoldo Roa Bastos (Paraguay).

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Still life is usually understood to refer to objects on a table, shelf, step or wall. However, there is a kind of picture which depicts objects but expands the context in which they are seen to evoke the human presence. These are paintings of rooms, or parts of rooms, without figures or almost without figures. Objects at the scale of the hand—bottles, plates, pitchers, guns—are the domain of still life. Paintings of interiors deal with objects at the scale of the body—the furniture on which we sit, eat, sleep. The difference is significant because room pictures represent full human scale in a way that the restricted zone of small objects in still life does not. (This expansion of scale should not be thought of as an approach to landscape, the forms of which are indeterminate, unlike furniture.)

Pictures of empty interiors are scattered through the 19th century, as an occasional recourse of artists rather than as a dominant theme. The earliest one I know is "Room with a Balcony," done in 1845 by the German realist Adolf von Menzel. The mode occurs more frequently with the French Impressionists, either in the form of studio paintings, with pictures scattered around (Bazille) or garden views with prominent outdoor benches and tables (Manet and Monet). (Such closed-in garden space is analogous to a room.) In Monet's "Mme. Monet in a Red Cape," ca. 1870, a figure is represented but she is glimpsed outside the room that fills the foreground.

The French windows through which we see Mme. Monet were picked up by Matisse in the series of hotel rooms he painted in the 1920s in Nice; in them absent figures are implied by the social array of the furniture.

Comparable are Bonnard's tables, extensive slanted surfaces littered with papers or laden with meal settings, with the room seen in the margin between the table and the edges of the picture. Obviously there is no question of Matisse or Bonnard withdrawing from the human subject. By enlarging the focus of the still life from a portion of a table top to include the whole table and the chairs around it, they signify human presence by showing its milieu. It is an environment shaped for and explicable only by the presumption of human use. (These pictures are never to be construed sentimentally, like an empty chair contemplated by a pensive dog.)

Leatrice Rose (Tibor de Nagy Gallery) bases her new paintings on this iconography of the interior. No figures but chairs, tables, sewing machine, potted plants, radiator pipes, bottles on the window ledge. She has a sharp sense of the way surfaces attract deposits of objects: in one picture a small table carries a vase just in front of a shelf with a telephone, and so on. Her interior is a loft in New York or a studio in Long Island, continuous walls and floors in which work habits and room adornment mingle, in which studio and

kitchen abut. Essential to the painting of interiors without figures is a sense of space in which the absent figures could potentially move. That is to say, the areas must match the spectator's own environmental knowledge. The artist and the spectator share familiarity with windows, table heights, chair-back angles, a natural ergonomics, let's say, a body knowledge. Rose's rooms are painted not only in a cool clear light but in terms of a loose-limbed serviceable space.

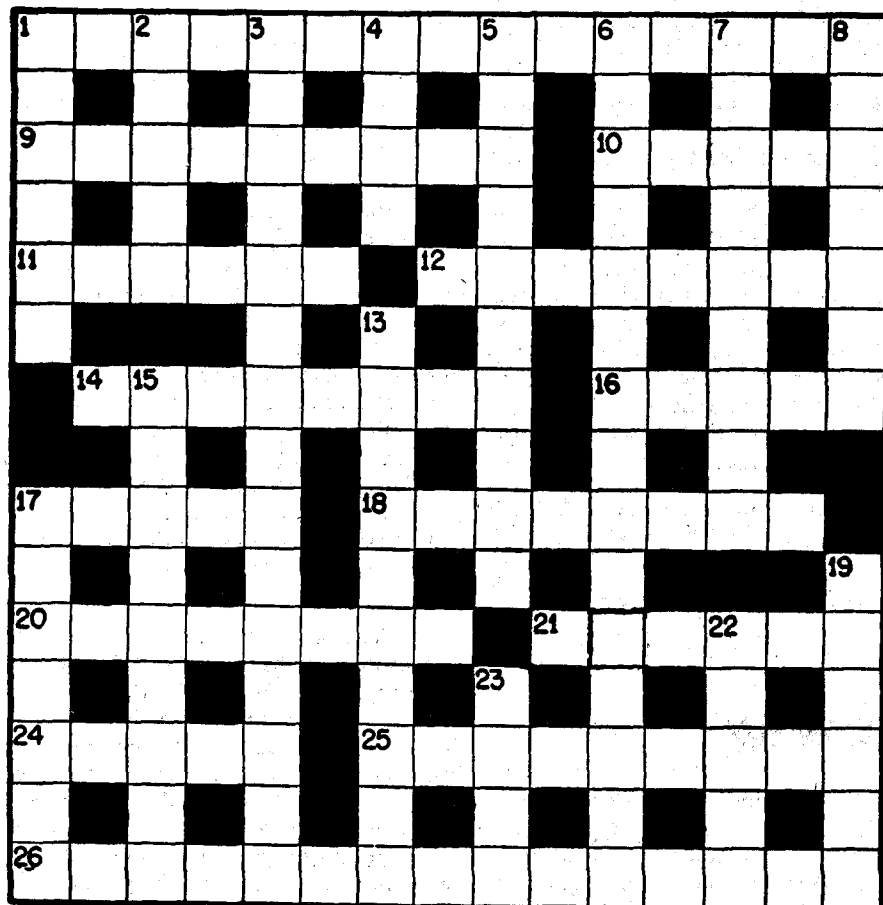
She has a strong command of the natural appearance of distributed objects, in specific displays that change from picture to picture. It is based on a bodily sense of the distances between things and how we move among them which arouses the spectator's fund of physical knowledge. This kind of space cannot be compressed into small pictures. Rose subtly curbs the scale however, keeping her pictures a little smaller than life-size, large enough to persuade while still remaining compact. These glowing and temperate paintings record the comprehension of space in terms of both sight and use.

The Abstract Expressionists broke the connection between Abstract art and geometry in the late 1940s. Barnett Newman called geometry a "death grip" and Willem de Kooning said that he thought a rectangle no more clear than any other form. The acceptance of Abstract Expressionist aesthetics led to the loss of geometry's privileged position in art and it is only lately that pre-Abstract Expressionist geometrics have become visible again. The Washburn Gallery commemorated an exhibition called "8 by 8, American Abstract Painting since 1940," originally held at the Philadelphia Museum of Art in 1945. Some of the paintings in that show and all of the artists were reassembled to give an interesting view of earlier modern painting in New York.

The kind of geometry common to these artists is always intricate and often garrulous. The forms are sharp and crisp but small in relation to the total canvas. The effect is one of nervous animation and complex accenting, whereas the Abstract Expressionists, who have set our taste expectations for Abstraction, tend to use large and simple forms. The artists in "8 by 8" included Ilya Bolotowsky, Albert E. Gallatin (the organizer of the original show), Alice Trumbull Mason and George L.K. Morris. The geometrics of these artists are rarely monumental but are characterized by a level of visual complexity rather like that of realistic painting. This used to seem like an adulteration of formal purity but second thoughts are possible now, partly because of the revival of Art Déco and partly because of our overfamiliarity with Abstract Expressionist-derived art and its easy unities. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1604

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 What the Duchess was doing to her baby, in general terms. (7,8)
- 9 It's fundamental when most of the price has pencil alterations. (9)
- 10 The proportion of air to change? (5)
- 11 They may be used by foreign ships, and partly American, also. (6)
- 12 They move around, possibly because they could be smarting. (8)
- 14 Grouse parasites? Not exclusively! (4,4)
- 16 Tosses a coin, with very emotional overtones nowadays. (5)
- 17 Stray goat in part, but still stray. (5)
- 18 One might be tempted if you are. (8)
- 20 The last place to look for lilacs, according to Whitman. (8)
- 21 Acted like the first of 14, as they say. (6)
- 24 One from Baghdad, possibly. (5)
- 25 Food should have such value. (9)
- 26 True charger, seen to be false—being drunk, possibly! (5,10)

DOWN

- 1 Bundle up again. (6)
- 2 19 to make a firm one. (5)
- 3 The character of pie-filling to such as Sibelius. (11,4)
- 4 Pays to be distilled from barks? (4)

- 5 A sign of quiet to those who live someplace like Washington, typically. (10)
- 6 Hornet, typically. (8,7)
- 7 One of those good paving materials when the road goes down? (9)
- 8 Takes in something presumably above the net. (7)
- 13 Tool perhaps for one who likes to smoke twist. (4,6)
- 15 Reason enough to dolé out drink? (9)
- 17 Moving like the head of 14. (7)
- 19 Stick a notice on this place. (6)
- 22 Up, not down, about crisis material, in force overseas. (5)
- 23 The one in the picture who comes up with a mild expletive? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1603

ACROSS: 1 and 23 down All well and good; 5 Bulldog; 9 Aramaic; 10 Revenge; 11 Overt; 12 Sanhedrin; 14 and 23 across Leasable; 15 Chamfer; 18 Eel; 20 and 21 Fly swatter; 26 Inundated; 29 Agnomen; 30 Own up to; 31 En masse; 32 Deepest. DOWN: 1, 13 and 28 A man of few words; 2 Leaves; 3 Enactment; 4 Locusts; 5 Byronic; 6 Levee; 7 Dandruff; 8 Greenery; 16 Allowance; 17 Elm; 18 Estimate; 19 Laburnum; 22 Retinue; 24 Triple; 25 Escort; 27 Dumps.

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